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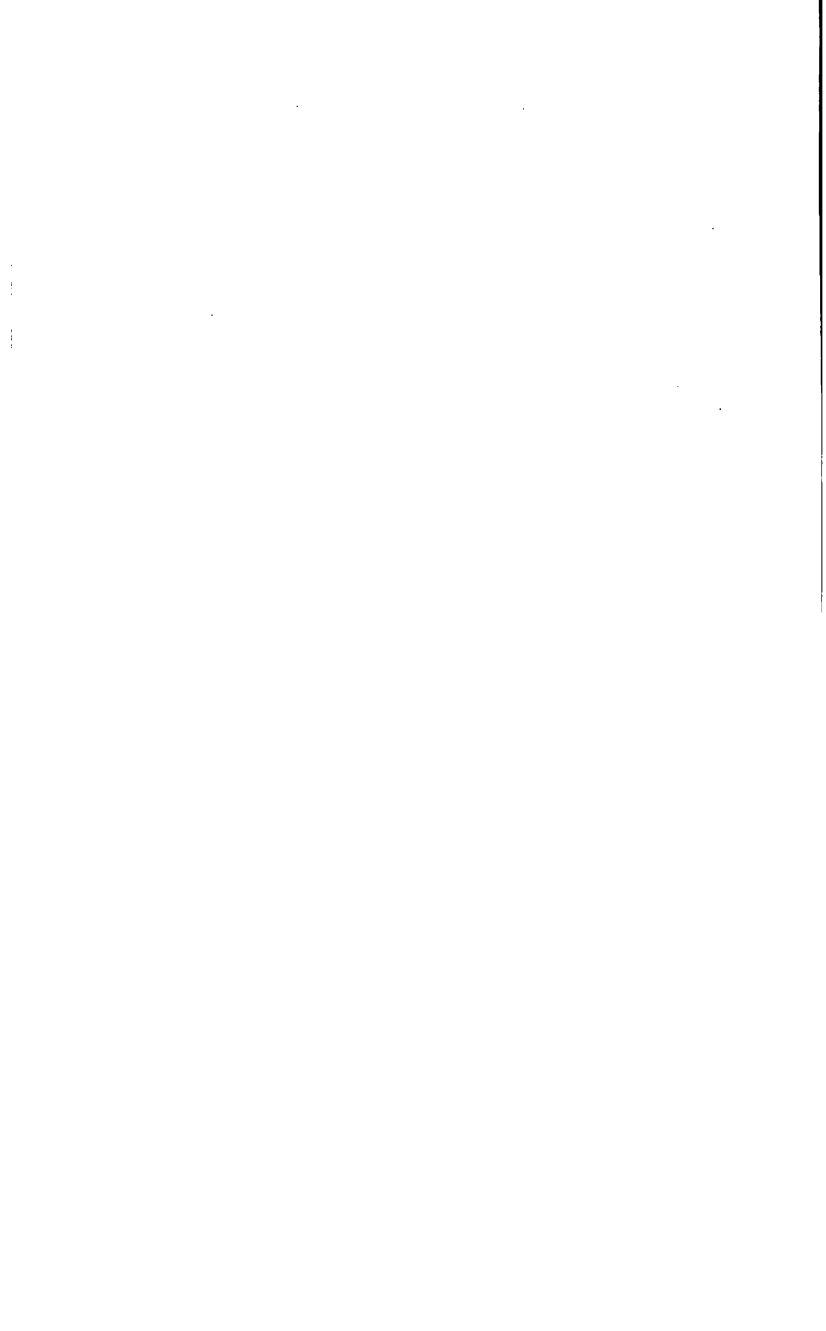
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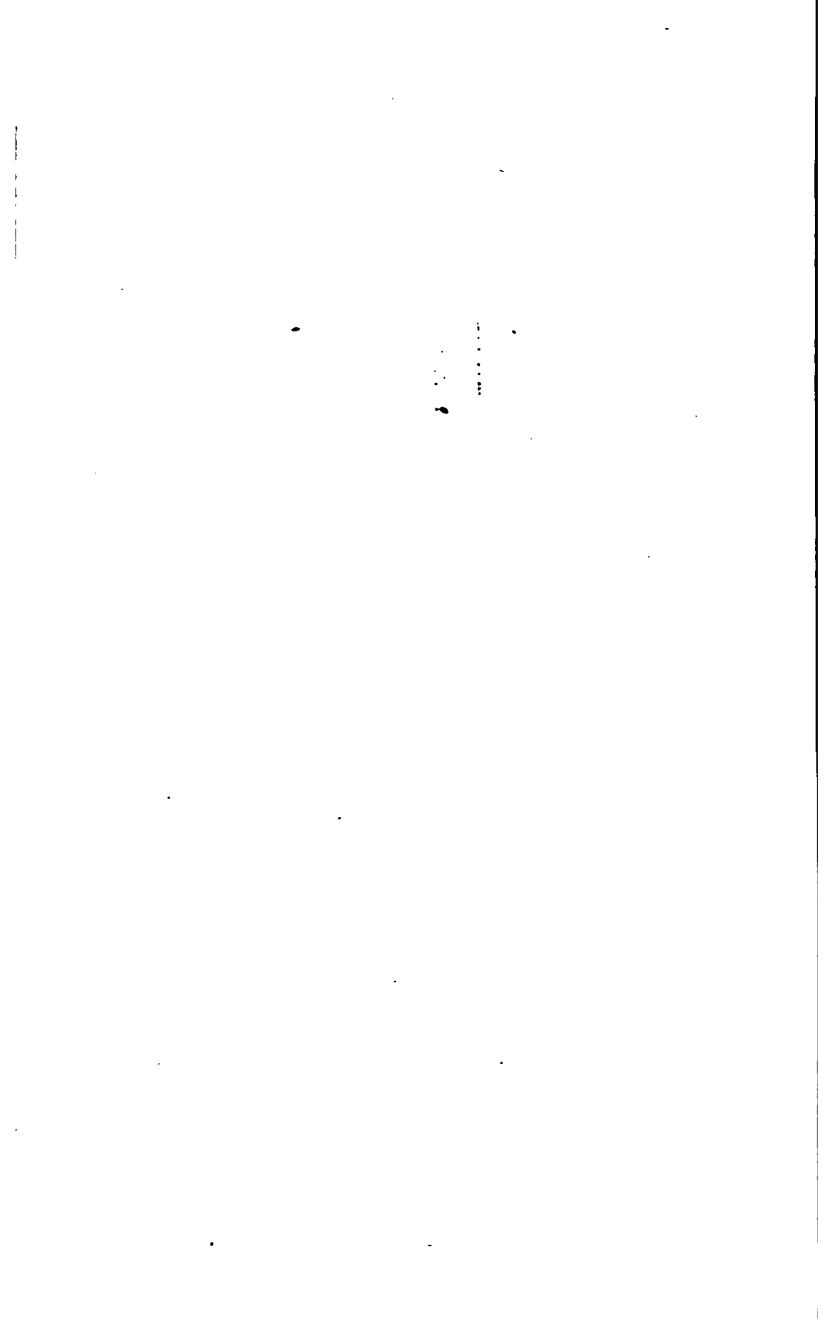
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A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.



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A

V FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND,

BY

SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD, BART.,

AUTHOR OF "A FAGOT OF FRENCH STICKS," "BUBBLES FROM THE
SPRUNNEN OF NASSAU," ETC.

"Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the Ocean!
And may harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavournia! Erin go bragh!"

^c 55
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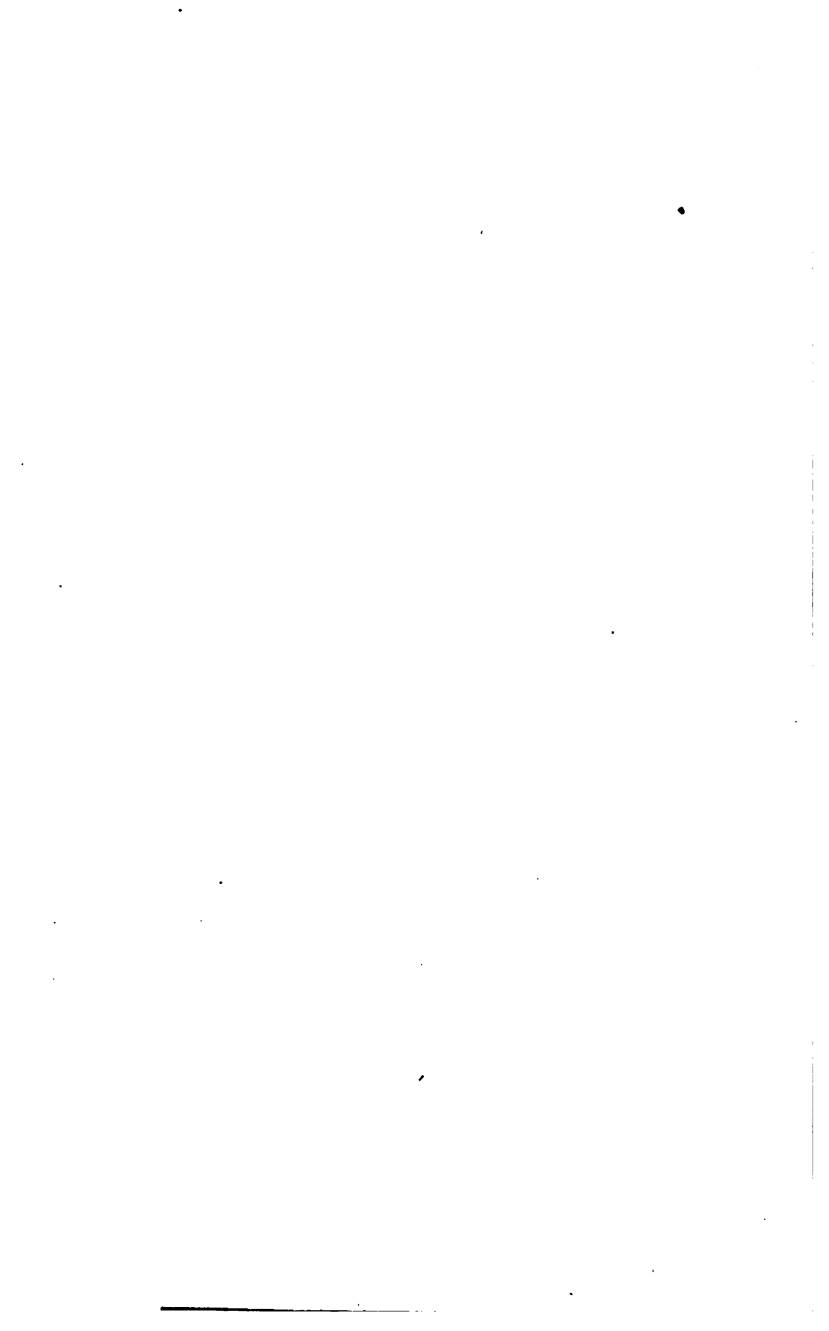
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PREFACE.

AT the fag-end of this summer, among a motley crowd of Tourists, by the irresistible power of Steam, I was injected into the island of Ireland, which I had never before seen. For a week, almost without winking, I looked it steadily in the face. For a similar period, in various localities, immured by myself, I was poring over data I deemed it necessary to obtain.

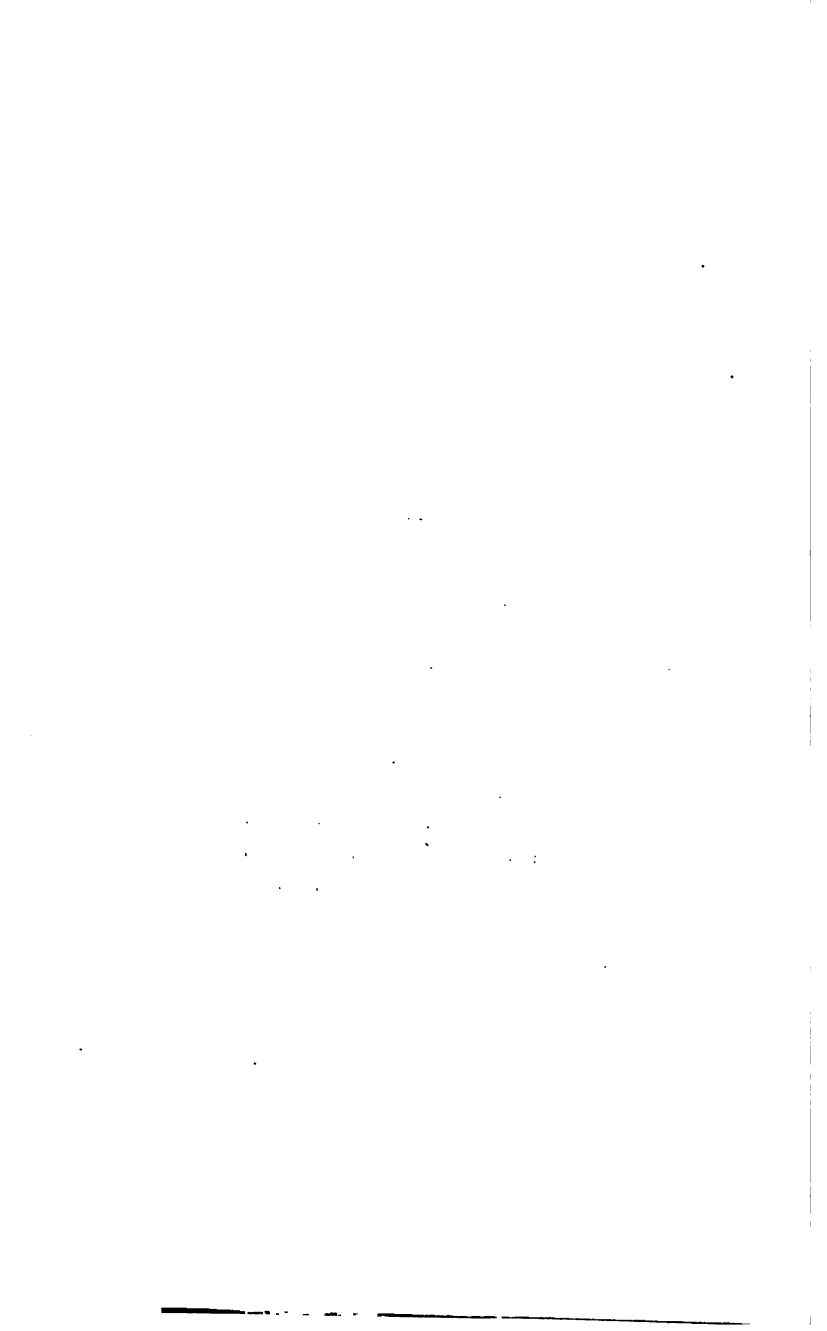
At the expiration of my fortnight's holiday, with notes before me of the little I had seen, heard, and read; unbiassed by the counsels of any one, in pure retirement, and almost in solitude, for rather more than a month, I alternately ruminated and wrote; and in the words of Mr. Weller's graphic history of his courtship, and of "Sammy's" origin, this Volume, I honestly confess, is the "*consequens of the manoeuvre.*"

OXFORD, Northamptonshire,
October, 1852.



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A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

IT was blowing half a gale of wind, raining, and, at intervals, thundering rather loudly, when the 9h. 15m. A. M. London express train of the 11th of August, A.D. 1852, reached Holyhead at 5h. 40m. P. M. The smoke from the funnel of a large black steamer, moored alongside the pier, although dispersed to atoms the instant it escaped therefrom, was evidently connected with the white steam that in like manner and in the same direction scudded from the engine; in fact, the vessel for upwards of an hour had been awaiting the arrival of the train. The storm—as storms always are—was really pitiless; and as I sat in the carriage waiting for my baggage, which the guard had kindly undertaken to bring to me, I observed more than one umbrella from being convex suddenly become concave, and while the unhappy owner, spell-bound, with stern to windward, was violently struggling with the calamity, a motley crowd of passengers in mackintoshes, cloaks, shawls, gowns, and other garments, all more or less fluttering to leeward, were to be seen hurrying at unequal rates towards the confines of a broad wooden declivity, down

which they descended to the deck of the vessel. As soon as I obtained my luggage I followed, and as, on entering the gentlemen's cabin, I found that the circular line of sofas, divided into berths or beds of about six feet each, were not only engaged, but that most of their occupants, with a pillow under their heads, were already reclining on them at full length, anxious to be as close to fresh air as possible I sat down on one nearest the door.

"You've no right to be *here*!" said a voice to me, rather sulkily. Begging its pardon, I arose, and, seeing that a berth above, from which I could look down upon the grumbler beneath, was disengaged, I at once took possession of it, and, as a horizontal position appeared to be the order of the day, I obediently followed the fashion.

As in my exalted position I had plenty of air, I remained not only perfectly well, but, I may almost say, merry; and, as my friend beneath me, who had been suffering dreadfully, had, I remarked, always commenced his paroxysms of anguish by a peculiar small sigh, I just once, as a slight punishment for his sulkiness, looked seriously down upon him, and, although I did not imitate his sigh, I really believe that if I had pointed a 24-pounder at him I could not have suddenly produced in his countenance a greater amount of alarm, which, tempering justice with mercy, in a few seconds I dispersed by a friendly smile, expressive of the words, *Fear not!*

In due time a lulling of the waters announced to us, in our captivity, that we were in Dublin Bay; and accordingly, arising, or descending from our respective lairs, we staggered on deck, from whence all that I could see of Ireland consisted of a couple of very large red eyes and one white one, glaring as beacons through darkness and rain.

On our reaching the pier a scene of great confusion ensued. The baggage of all the passengers was handed up through a

hatchway from the very bottom of the hold, and, almost as fast as it appeared, was carried away. I knew not where, by a set of porters whom every body appeared desirous to engage, and who, nevertheless, without seeking for employers, rushed at the baggage, well knowing that, possession being nine points of their law, the tenth portion, in the shape of the owner, would be sure to find them. I felt myself much too frail to engage in a contest between such boisterous competitors, and I had almost made up my mind that my portmanteau would become the adopted child of a stronger parent, when, joyfully espying it among the mass, I enlisted a man to carry it up steps and down steps to the train that was in waiting, and in a few minutes we were all flying in the dark towards our goal. In about a quarter of an hour we reached it. Here again there was a little scramble and confusion; however, with the assistance of a porter I got all my traps deposited on the front seat of a comfortable carriage, and, sitting opposite to them, I called out to the coachman to drive me to Morrison's hotel.

To my vast surprise, instead of moving forwards, as I expected, the vehicle, like a crab, started off sideways, and in that humiliating position it trundled me in a very short space of time to a handsome door, where I arrived at exactly ten minutes after midnight. "Would your Arn'r like to take anything?" said the voice of a waiter, almost before I was within the threshold. "Yes," I replied, "a bedroom candle;" and with the assistance of its friendly light, on being conducted into a clean, well-furnished room, I managed to unpack what was requisite, and in due time, in utter darkness, found myself between the linen sheets of a comfortable bed.

"Well," said I to myself, "it's certainly rather a clever feat to have got into a four-post bed in Dublin without having bothered oneself with the old-fashioned controversial comparison between the beauty of its bay and that of Naples!—

Here I am, snug in the heart of a great country, of which I have not even seen an extremity—in fact,” I gravely reflected, “although I am in the metropolis of Ireland, I know no more about it than a newly appointed Secretary of State, on luxuriously sitting down on his large roomy chair in Downing street, knows of the names, position, climate, soil and character of the inhabitants of the innumerable colonies he is required to govern; and as *he* is not afraid of being alone in moral darkness, neither ought I.” And with this sentiment, as well as a few others, indolently mixing, staggering, and then fainting away together in my mind, I gradually and insensibly dropped off to sleep.

In the morning, which was beautifully fine, after a good breakfast I mounted a horse, which I thought would be the most daring, independent, and least fatiguing mode of looking about me, and I was slowly riding I knew not where, nor indeed did I care, when I heard behind me the pattering of a pair of naked human feet.

“Wull yere Arn'r give me a jarb?” said a nice-looking lad, with a very small piece of shirt sticking out of a slight hole in his trowsers behind. I thought he took me for a farmer, so at once, to get rid of him, I very simply confided to him that I was a stranger, and had no “job” to give him. With a smile he repeated his request. “Can you give me a jarb?” “No!” I replied, rather sternly.

“Yere Arn'r might be getting off!” he explained.

“Does yere Arn'r want a boy?” said a gruff voice. On turning towards it I saw a man very poorly clad, of about forty-five years of age. “Ha'nt your Arn'r a bit of a jarb for me?” Before I could reply I observed another real boy coming after me, no doubt whatever for a “jarb.” Now what I wanted was quietly to be enabled to observe a little without being observed; but as it was evident that, unless I at once

came to some decisive arrangement, the fact of my having "arrived that morning at ten minutes past midnight" would, as it were, be placarded on my back, I resolved, out of the three candidates, to enlist one ; and, moreover, in order that my first act in Ireland might be a just one, I selected the boy who had come first.

"Now keep close to this stirrup," said I to him as soon as I had got rid of the rest ; "and if any one else comes after me, tell him at once I am engaged to *you*."

"I wull, yere Arn'r !" he replied, with a very decisive nod.

Unassailed and unnoticed by any one, my horse sometimes walked, sometimes trotted, and sometimes for a few seconds stood still, according as the objects I successively encountered more or less attracted my attention.

"This, yere Arn'r !" said my guide, extending his right arm as he pointed to a large edifice, "is called"—

"Never mind about its name !" I replied, interrupting him ; for as I merely wanted to take a general view of a city into which I had as it were just dropped from the clouds, I did not approve of being instructed before its public by a bare-footed professor.

As we were proceeding, a gentleman inquired of him the way to some point ? "Ye'll go along Nassau street," he replied, "till ye come to King Willium a horseback ; you'll see ut thin on yere lift hand !"

"I hope yere Arn'r will give me a copper !" said the feeble voice of a poor old woman, who, availing herself of the stoppage, had hobbled up to me ; "I'm wake wi' the hunger !" she added.

In passing the Ordnance-Office I sent in my aid-de-camp to inquire for the address of the Commanding Engineer. A gray-headed man instantly came out and told me, very civilly, it was 40, Lower Mount street. My attendant led me there ;

but, on its proving to be an empty house, I ascertained from the next door that the individual I was in search of lived at No. 40 in Upper Mount street.

"I knew it was in the *upper strate*," said my conductor.

"Then why did you bring me *here*?" I asked angrily.

"Yere Arn'r!" he replied, "the boy (aged 60) said it was in the *lower strate*, and I thought shure *he'd* know best."

As we were migrating from the one locality to the other, I rode into a large square of about a dozen acres of grass, of such a lovely emerald hue that I was really almost startled at beholding it, and, seeing written up on one of its corners "MERRION SQUARE," I instantly desired my conductor to lead me to the house formerly occupied by the Great Liberator; and I was wondering who might be the successful candidate for so renowned a habitation, when, on pulling up my horse before it, I own I was astonished to see not only

O'CONNELL

on a brass plate, but in the window a large placard which looked as if it had just been issued by him. Instead, however, of advertising a public meeting on College Green, I read the melancholy words—

"TO BE SOLD OR LET."

There was his mansion—his name—his own printed order of "*Ring the bell*"—the brass handle by which on leaving the house he had always closed the door behind him—there were the stone steps so often trod by his feet; and yet all had lost their magic value, and the bricks, stone, and brass of the Agitator are at this moment in Dublin vainly petitioning to every passing stranger "*to be sold or let!*"

All of a sudden, as I was riding along, I came to a fine open space, in the centre of which, with an extensive macadamized road on each side, was a deep and broad channel, appar-

ently bisecting the city. The dark-coloured peat-water rushing within at once announced to me it was the Liffey, retained within the limits described by handsome walls of hewn stone on which high-water mark was very legibly denoted by a deep black stain, perforated every here and there, at about four feet from the bottom, with square black drainage-holes.

Across this arterial river there has been constructed, some quite new, some older, and some exceedingly infirm, a series of thoroughfares, as if to demonstrate that in bridges, as in man, there are between their cradles and their graves seven ages.

The sun was shining bright, and beneath each bridge was to be seen its reflection in the water; just beyond the most eastern of these arched communications there appeared to have sprung up a fine commercial crop of masts of vessels of different sizes. As the tide had nearly ebbed, the water in the Liffey was shallow, and, seeing a crowd of people very intently looking down into it, I perceived, standing in the water up to their knees, two boys wrestling together for a piece of stick which had just floated into the possession of one of them. While they were so engaged, a bigger boy, with trowsers pushed up as high as they could go, walked slowly towards the combatants, and by way of settling their dispute he tripped up the biggest, who, disappearing for a few seconds, came up with his whole body, and especially his head and long hair, dripping wet with a fluid of the dark origin I have described. The author of the exploit good-humouredly laughed at the successful result of his arbitration, and, confident of approbation, he then looked up to the crowd of faces that had been watching him. Every body seemed delighted at the joke, and a more decided national grin, and a more simultaneous display of latent fun, could not have been beheld.

During this scene several little boys came up to me to beg: yet, in spite of their rags and pitiful stories, there was

always a lurking joke in their countenances, which, like the sun behind a cloud, burst out at last all the brighter for having been concealed.

People in most countries, and especially those of the softer sex, are particularly careful not on any account to utter the monosyllable “**YES !**” before the proposal, whatever it may be, is officially submitted to them for consideration ; but the beautiful ladies of Dublin, as they sit, or indolently recline, in their drawing-rooms, have the word not only stereotyped on their pretty lips, but actually printed and exhibited at full length either on their marble mantel-pieces or on their rose-wood tables ;—at least, so I suppose—for, as I rode along, I saw, to my utter astonishment, for sale in the windows of one or two stationers’ shops large cards of royal size, on which was printed in conspicuous letters the following reply in the affirmative, which is, of course, deliberately purchased by the lady or gentleman before the proposal to which it refers has been made to them :—

WILL HAVE THE HONOUR

OF ACCEPTING THE INVITATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY

THE LORD LIEUTENANT

TO DINNER.

ON

AT

O'CLOCK

As I was reading this card, there flitted across my memory the auld song of the Scotch lassie :—

"Oh whustle ! and I will come to ye, my lad !

Oh whustle! and I will come to ye, my lad!

Tho' feather and mither should gang mad thegither,

Oh whustle, and I will come to ye, my lad !”

For upwards of two hours I rode about Dublin, which, on

the whole, appeared to me to be a plain, useful, brick city, with magnificent public buildings, and here and there across its river fine bridges of iron and stone.

About the altitude of the houses there exists no particular rule ; indeed, like Falstaff's squad, they have evidently been readily enlisted at any height ; neither has there been any regulation about their colour, for they are very red, red, reddish, strawberry-coloured, and cream-coloured. With regard, however, to the broad stripes over the shops, there evidently exists a stringent law, namely, that all shall be brilliant, but that no two of them shall consecutively be alike in hue. The variety is of course very striking. But what I most admired in the city of Dublin are its magnificent lungs. In a four-mile heat it would inevitably beat any metropolis on the surface of the globe. For instance, one of its lungs has an area of not less than seventeen acres, while the other is composed of large, healthy squares of from twelve to ten, eight, and six acres each. What a fine windpipe, too, is the Liffey ! There may be a want of trade, a want of unanimity, a want of brotherly love between this creed and that—there may even be a want of potatoes, but there is no want in Dublin, and there never can be, of an abundant supply of good, wholesome, pure air !

As I had now some business to transact, I paid my conductor to his heart's content, and then told him I should go home.

"Is it to the *hot-hell* yere Arn'r's going?"

"Yes ; to Morrison's," I replied, and, bidding him farewell, to which he very gratefully ejaculated, "I'll be sure to know yere Arn'r again !" I trotted away in that direction.

So active is the far-famed hospitality of Dublin, that almost every person either to whom I was introduced, or of

whom I had the slightest previous acquaintance, on my asking him the most trifling question, invariably replied by making to me the three following proposals :—

1st. That I should dine with him on that day.

2d. That I should allow him to show me the principal public buildings.

3d. That he should accompany me to the Library.

“It’s one of the finest in Europe!” he invariably observed; “you really *must* see it; you’ll find in it from seventy to ninety thousand volumes!”

Now I had not time to read them; I had not come to Ireland to look at buildings; and as I intended to remain in Dublin but a very few days, I was not disposed to dine out. I therefore, in all of the three cases, without a single exception, separately declined each of the three proffered kindnesses. I was, however, to have the honour of paying a short visit to the Lord Lieutenant, for which the porter of the inn of his own accord had told me I should require a “car;” but as I did not wish to put Her Majesty’s sentinels out of countenance, or throw fine, powdered footmen into fits of laughter, I seriously and confidentially asked the landlord whether it would be proper for me to drive up sideways to the Vice-Regal Lodge, in a common, open, street car? and to escape from doing so I further hinted to him that it would perhaps be better I should hire from him a carriage.

Not only by his words, but by his honest countenance and by his whole attitude, I was assured that in Dublin a car is *the* proper conveyance for every body; and, accordingly, I at once determined that—*ruat cœlum*—in a car I would go.

I had, however, occasion to walk to that splendid pile of buildings, the Custom-house, and, having transacted my business there, I slowly proceeded to a spot on which several cars were standing; and as there are no less than fifteen hun-

dred of them in Dublin, the drivers thereof, besides being, as in all countries, professionally anxious to catch a fare, in doing so are in the habit of displaying a good deal of their characteristic fun and humour in competing with, or, as is commonly called, in *chaffing* each other: for instance, says one—

“*Here’s a car, yere Arn’r!*”

“*My car’s a new one!*” says another, running hurriedly up.

“*I’ve an iligant harse!*” exclaims a third, pointing at the well-bred animal with his whip.

“*Yes, but mine don’t come down on his knas, yere Arn’r,*” says a fourth.

“*Look at my nice dry kushuns (cushions), yere Arn’r!*” says a fifth.

“*Dry enough!*” observes a sixth, very gravely, adding, with a cunning leer, “*but mine have gort no bugs in um, yere Arn’r!*” and so on, *ad infinitum*.

I selected one that had not offered himself at all, and I had no sooner driven from his competitors than, in his excess of gratitude, he endeavoured to repay me with information respecting every thing we passed.

His education, however, had been slightly neglected, and his facts were not particularly accurate. He was about fifty years of age, with a round, unmeaning face, and such very short lips that his white teeth—there were fourteen of them—were always uncovered. I did not care about the buildings he pointed out to me, as I had already seen them; but as I was glad to hear him talk, I occasionally stirred up his ideas to assist him in extricating them.

“Where were you born?” I inquired.

“South of Ireland,” he replied, “in a place called Kharlow!”

"Is it a good place?" I asked.

"Och, very! very! very! It's a splendid counthry, yere Arn'r!" he replied.

"Is Ireland pretty quiet now?" I politically inquired.

"Och! yere Arn'r," he replied, "Ireland is *always* quite, only a few little scimmages now and then!"

He had been desired to drive to the General Post-office, but about fifty yards before he reached it, pulling up suddenly, and pointing with his whip to a figure on the summit of a magnificent column, he exclaimed loud enough, and with animation enough, to attract attention,

"There's our Nalson! with one of his arms orf at the shouldher, the left arm stretched out, and the soord in ut; and he's looking down on the shipping and the say. He was a say-MAN."

"What—a sailor?" I inquired.

"Yere Arn'r!" he replied, evidently pleased at the opportunity of instructing me, "he was one of the finest admirals the Govermint ever had!"

"A good man to fight?" I asked.

"Yere Arn'r!" he replied, greatly excited, "he was one of the gratest. He bet the whole world before hum! Nalson! gallant Nalson ruled the mane!" he exclaimed as he waved his whip with exultation and pride.

"What did he die of?" I inquired, as leaning on my elbow I sat indolently watching the enthusiasm in my friend's face.

"Yere Arn'r!" he replied, "he was shot by a French-man. He aimed at his star—like this, yere Arn'r" (touching with the butt of his whip a large round iron ticket on his own breast, on which was inscribed a Crown; beneath that the word "DRIVER," and under all the number, say "297"); "and Nalson was shot through the heart!"

After contemplating the mutilated statue for some seconds, he added, "Ut's the finest monument in all Dhublun. There's nothing like ut!"

"And so," said I to myself, "while people are declaring that between the Saxon and the Celt there exists an animosity that is implacable, 'the finest monument in Dublin,' erected by public subscription, at a cost of £7000, commemorates the name of an *Englishman*, while on the other side of the Channel the finest monuments in London heap eternal honour on the name of an Irishman! What a national bond of union are those two simple facts!"

After calling at Morrison's hotel we crossed Grafton street, full of excellent shops, and thronged with people; and then, proceeding a very short distance,

"This, yere Arn'r," said my conductor, "is College Green!"

And on my observing to him that it appeared to my eyes to be one half macadamized, and the other half covered with pavement, he said—

"Yere Arn'r, it was once not only all green, but in the auld records it was called College Green, near Dhublun. Dhublun, yere Arn'r, took ut's name from a Double-Inn—two houses stuck into one; from them Dhublun took ut's title."

As we were jogging along, "Yere Arn'r," said he, pointing with his whip to a bare-headed monarch, seated on a hollow-backed cart-horse, with an under-jaw touching his windpipe, a neck twisted into a Saxon arch, and an uplifted near-side fore-hoof, as if he had just trodden on a nail, and was showing it to the King—"There's William the Conqueror!"

After passing the beautiful Corinthian columns of the Royal Exchange, a Scotch church, dressed out, I thought, very much like an Episcopal one, and a magnificent pile of

buildings, (the Four Courts,) surmounted in the centre by a lofty superintending dome, we trotted along one of the broad macadamized roads which bound on either side the deep hewn stone channel of the Liffey.

"This is the Mendy City, yere Arn'r!" said my driver, pointing to a building on my left, on which was written, in large letters, "Mendicity Association." "It's a charty," (charity,) he added.

On our right, on the opposite side of the river, was a congregation of barracks, in front of which were assembled a considerable body of troops. A military band was playing with great effect.

"That's the Prate-ground, yere Arn'r," observed my conductor, "where the soldiers prate (parade). This is called 'Victoria Quay,' and that opposite 'Albert Quay.'"

As we were crossing an iron bridge of a single arch, which I happened to know had been constructed in 1827 by the inhabitants of Dublin, to commemorate the royal visit of George IV., my conductor said to me, "This, yere Arn'r, is called King's Bridge. Yere Arn'r, it was built by George IV. By his manes (means) it was built; it was built, yere Arn'r, by what he give!"

"See there, yere Arn'r," he added, pulling up as soon as we had crossed, and pointing to a medallion, as follows:—



Then spelling the inscription very slowly to me, he added, "GIVR stands for 'GIVER.' That manes, that the *Crown* is the GIVER!"

On the left of the Liffey was the Terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway; and on proceeding a little farther, passing a lodge, we entered the gate of the Phoenix Park, the finest national playground in Europe, and I believe in the world. Indeed, it contains no less than seventeen hundred acres of beautiful grass, more or less covered with trees and shrubs growing as wild as in any uncultivated region of the globe, all open to the public.

"There, yere Arn'r," said my conductor, pointing to the right, "is the Souldiers' Hospital. That slated roof is the Constabulary Barricks." On the left, firm, erect, and everlasting, standing on earth and with its head pointing to heaven, stood an appropriate granite obelisk upwards of two hundred feet high, erected by public subscription to the memory of the great Duke of Wellington; at the foot of this simple testimonial I observed a little, puny, illegitimate offspring of the artist, which is really a discredit to the whole thing.

As soon as we had ascended the slight eminence on which the monument stands, "Starp!" my driver exclaimed, "till I show yere Arn'r a fine view!" And certainly a magnificent prospect there was of Dublin beneath us, bounded by a range of beautiful hills.

"That building, yere Arn'r," pointing to a very large quadrangular slated one, surmounted by a spire, nearly half a mile off, "is the Fogie's Harspital!"

"What?" I inquired.

"Some call it," he exclaimed, "the *Royal* Harspital. It's for auld pinshioners, the same as Chalsea!"

Resuming our course—as we proceeded I observed on the

left, bounded by large trees, a fine cricket-ground, on which were playing several athletic-looking men in white jackets, a comfortable tent being in their rear. On the right were plenty of trees, some formally drawn up in straight avenues, others socially living together "at ease," in groups.

Far on the left was a vast expanse of grass, misnamed "The Fifteen Acres," used principally for reviewing troops; indeed, besides being the only spot in the United Kingdom on which a large army could be manœuvred, it is perhaps the most picturesque ground for the purpose that could possibly be conceived, for not only is it fantastically surrounded by fir and larch plantations of various shapes, but on the south the horizon is bounded by a chain of mountains of extraordinary beauty. Until lately this lovely expanse was the fashionable resort of duellists. In one instance the challenger was a young lawyer, who, in concocting the billet, or bill of indictment, by which he required the gentleman he had quarrelled with "to meet him with pistols on the Fifteen Acres," added, with professional caution, "*be the same, sir, more or less.*"

Besides the residence of the Viceroy there exists in the Phoenix Park a warren containing, hidden in their respective groves, the houses of the Chief Secretary, Under Secretary, and Private Secretary.

After passing on the right a beautiful piece of water, on which a pair of milk-white swans belonging to the adjoining Zoological Gardens, with wings slightly uplifted, were gracefully sailing, we came to a lodge, within which, in bright scarlet, cruciformed by white belts, there appeared pacing up and down, his bright bayonet glittering in the sun, a British sentinel.

"This is the Vice-Agle Park, yere Arn'r," said my conductor.

Seeing that I did not quite understand his orthography, he added—

“That’s whart *we* cull ut! There’s some as call ut Vice-Ragal Park.”

Whatever may be its name, the lonely scene, as we trotted through it, was calm, tranquil, and lovely, and, as on either side I gazed on large luxuriant trees flourishing on emerald-green grass, basking under a bright sun, I felt I had never beheld a more peaceful, happy, unsophisticated spot.

“There’s some iligant dare (deer) here, yere Arn’r,” said my driver, “and quantities of um.”

After following a meandering road for some distance, we rather suddenly drove up to a large, substantial, gentlemanlike country-house, significantly smartened by the appearance before it of two sentinels.

On entering this mansion, which, at a glance, appeared admirably well regulated and appointed, I remained for a short time by myself in the principal waiting-room.

Outside the window was an extensive, beautiful, closely-mown lawn, flat as a bowling green, and ornamented with flowers in beds of various shapes and sizes; and, as a striking contrast to their brilliant colours, there stood here and there slight, elegant, dark green cypresses, the whole being surrounded by a broad, royal-looking walk—on which I observed pacing a blue policeman—bounded by a bright buff-coloured stone balustrade, which, from its appropriate structure, assumed the appearance of basket-work.

On the horizon resting against the blue sky was the soft undulating outline of a range of lofty hills, ornamented at the base by patches of cultivated land, which, at a higher elevation, appeared gradually to dissolve into blue heather, to which the reflection of every passing cloud gave for a few moments a different hue.

At the foot of these distant mountains appeared a grove or belt of trees, from which there arose, as an emblem of industry, the lofty chimney of a steam-engine.

On Sunday evening, at five o'clock, in a large, roomy, comfortable arm-chair, for nearly an hour I sat at an open window of the Hibernian United Service Club, on the north side of St. Stephen's Green, watching car-loads of happy people going to and returning from Donnybrook Fair.

Every car in Dublin is employed in this annual national service, and from three or four of the drivers I learned that they had propelled the same horse to the fair and back five-and-twenty times, not for one day, but for several consecutive days!

The distance from Dublin is about a mile and a half, but the crowd at the entrance of the fair is so great, that the cars are usually stopped by the police at a quarter, and towards evening at half a mile from the scene of bliss.

The tide of cars that continued unceasingly ebbing and flowing before my eyes was, really, not only astonishing, but it was amusing to observe the infinite variety of ways in which those three simple items, a man, a woman, and a child, can be made to appear.

The process of the driver was, the instant he arrived from the fair to return to it, and *vice versa*. The charge for the conveyance of each person is twopence, and thus—"*vires acquisivit eundo*"—he kept picking up people, who, of course, being picked up in this way, had no connection with each other, save that which appears to exist between all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

By the time it trotted through St. Stephen's Green every

car was full. In one were boys ; in another girls ; in others boys and girls, in every possible joyous variety of arrangement. There were old men, old women, gaudy soldiers, flashy-looking women, children of every age, all grinning,—all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

In one car sat four scarlet dragoons with glittering brass helmets, a fat gentleman with a large stomach comfortably resting on a pair of very short knees, a woman with a sky-blue bonnet on her head and a child in her lap ; lastly, a man sitting, as happy as a grig, without a hat.

There were ladies with parasols, and long, large, fashionable, windy gowns—gentlemen in wide-awake hats—young tradesmen wearing flashy waistcoats and smart neckcloths—infants, with their dear little eyes staring and almost starting out of their heads—children with bare legs, like wooden ones, sticking out—men with pipes in their mouths—babies suckling, I mean sucking—a little girl blowing a penny trumpet—a little boy trying, with a twopenny whip, to flog a gray horse sixteen hands high—men with pipes in their mouths—all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair !

There were white, black, brown, bay, chestnut, roan and piebald horses, of all sizes—several thorough-bred, many well-bred, a few under-bred, now and then a blind one, with his head vibrating at every step—all with their noses stuck out—leg-weary, jaded, dusty, and hot—all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair !

By the side of several cars I observed, trotting, apparently as proud and as happy as any human being could be, a dog, running sometimes east, sometimes west, according as he was going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair !

On each side of the road—on the iron chains that bounded it—on the curb-stones of the pavement—on the steps of doors—there sedately sat, in happy groups, crowds of people, pla-

sidly participating with me in the delight, joy, and fun that beam in the countenances of every man, woman, and child going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

The poor horses nobody seemed to pity ; indeed, as in an Irish car nobody can conveniently look at the animal that is drawing him, the neglected creature trots on, just as if the parties behind his tail, tired of quarrelling about him, had ended their dispute by amicably agreeing together that he belonged to none of them. When a car is crowded, a man well jammed in on the right side is completely separated from one seated on the left. They look, in diametrically opposite directions, at different objects—in fact, they have nothing whatever to do with each other.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

HERE it is, yere Arn'r !" said the driver of my car as, in the middle of a very interesting biographical history he was gratuitously giving me of his "harse," he stopped him suddenly in the middle of Marlborough street, and with his whip instantly pointed to an iron gate immediately before me, bounded on each side by a grave-looking stone wall, the mica of which was glittering in the sunshine. Within the said gate, and close to it and the wall, appeared on each side a low, substantial porter's lodge ornamented with columns of the Grecian Doric, and on entering the dominions there immediately almost flashed before my eyes a remarkably verdant and well-mowed, large, long, rectangular lawn, bounded at the far distant end by a line of three buildings slightly detached from each other. The centre one, which had the appearance of a chapel, and in the upper portion of which shone a clock, is the infants' school, flanked on one side by its only brother, a school for boys, and on the other by its sister, one for girls. At a short distance from the Doric lodge stood, magnificently on the right, Tyrone House, formerly the town residence of the Marquis of Waterford, now occupied as a board-room, also as quarters for the Resident Commissioner, the Right Hon. Alex. Macdonnell, and for other officers of the institution. On the left of the green lawn, and immediately opposite Tyrone House, is a large, solid, but rather lower building, used

as lecture-rooms and as habitations for the conductors of the schools.

The object of this immense establishment is to impart not only to the children of the poor in Dublin, but to the indigent rising generation throughout the whole of Ireland, the inestimable blessings of education. The duties, therefore, are obviously twofold: first, to give instruction to the applicant children in its immediate neighbourhood; and, secondly, to educate and instruct male and female teachers, so as to enable them, on returning to their respective parishes, more or less remote, to establish throughout the country that well-arranged uniform system of education which it is the duty of the Commissioners to superintend.

As Tyrone House has wisely been constructed on a firm foundation, so, no doubt, was it highly desirable that in the education of the rising generation of Ireland the Christian religion, which its inhabitants vie with each other in revering, should have formed not only the solid basis of the system, but the cement which in future ages should have bound together, in indissoluble affection, the various living particles of which it is composed. Unfortunately, however, upon this subject, there arose from all quarters such a variety of conflicting opinions, that it was deemed necessary to erect the superstructure—I will not say without any foundation, but with the best that could practically be obtained; and, accordingly, the principles upon which the Commissioners act are, that the schools shall be alike open to Christians of all denominations; that no pupil shall be required to attend at any religious exercise or to receive any religious instruction which his parents or guardians do not approve, and that sufficient opportunity shall be afforded to the pupils of each religious persuasion to receive separately, at appointed times, such description of religious instruction as their parents or guardians

shall think proper. Accordingly, every Tuesday from 10½ till 12½ religious instruction may be and is imparted to the children of all denominations of Christians by the minister of the particular creed to which they respectively belong. The Commissioners give to the students a new and curtailed translation of a very small proportion of the Bible, the inaccuracy of which small proportion is thus described (*vide* their Preface) in their own words:—

“The translation has been made by a comparison of the Authorized and Douay versions with the original. The language, sometimes of the one and sometimes of the other, has been adopted, and *occasional deviations* have been made *from both*.”

But although this unfortunate, and, alas! disreputable disagreement still exists, the Board of Commissioners, very much to their credit, have, for their common object, encouraged the construction of a series of books in the various departments of elementary instruction, which are not only in general use throughout the National Schools of Ireland, but by their intrinsic merit are rapidly extending, in increasing numbers, to the establishments for public instruction in Scotland, England, and even in the remotest of our colonial settlements.

In 1850 there existed in Ireland under the supervision of the Commissioners, who, as vacancies occur, are appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant, and whose number must not exceed fifteen—

Number of National Schools	4,547
Number of children attending them . .	511,239

—being an increase of 133 schools and of 30,816 children, as compared with the numbers in the preceding year of 1849. In 1850 the number of children in the Marlborough-street establishment was 1400. All pay for their schooling a penny

a week. In the same year the sum paid to teachers of six classes (averaging 14*l.* 10*s.* to each) was 66,964*l.* The number of teachers trained during the twelve months was 185 males, 87 females; total, 272. Of these, 15 were of the Established Church, 214 Roman Catholics, 41 Presbyterians, and 2 Dissenters.

There are also under the direction of the Board 124 workhouse schools; namely, in Ulster 28, in Munster 43, in Leinster 29, and in Connaught 24.

Besides affording the means of imparting ordinary instruction, the Board of National Education in Ireland has at Glasnevin a farm of one hundred and twenty-eight acres, in which teachers as well as pupils receive literary and agricultural instruction, which is thus disseminated over the country—the consequence of which has been that there have already sprung up in Ireland 17 model agricultural schools, as follows:—In Ulster 8, in Munster 6, in Leinster 1, in Connaught 2.

After ascending the chaste, beautiful staircase of Tyrone House, which by every stranger is deservedly admired, and arriving at the Board-room, I was introduced to the Resident Commissioner, who most obligingly offered to explain to me in detail the whole of the system in which he was so deeply interested. As, however, I mentioned to him that my object in visiting the establishment was merely to observe the appearance and conduct of the children, he very kindly committed me to a person whom he requested to conduct me wherever I desired, and to loiter with me wherever and as long as I wished.

From my Mentor I accordingly learnt, as I walked towards the schools, that they at present contained 500 male children, 430 female, and 300 infants—total, 1230; of whom about 7-8ths are Roman Catholics, and the remaining 1-8th

Protestants (Episcopalians and Presbyterians), with three or four Jews.

That of the young persons lodged in the establishment, who are learning to be country teachers, and who have come from the country to Dublin for that object, 130 are males, 65 females—total, 195; of whom about 1-4th are Protestants. Lastly, that the hours of instruction are from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, excepting on Saturdays.

On arriving at the girls' school my attendant told me very gravely that it would be necessary we should wait a little, there being at present nothing to be seen, as the children were not in study, but in their play-yards; but as this was exactly the place in which I wished to see them, I begged he would allow me to go there. Accordingly, proceeding through a large, light, airy school-room, empty of every thing, but on the floor black desks and forms, and on the walls maps, he conducted me to a locked door, at which stood a little female sentinel or janitress, about ten years of age. On explaining to this nice, intelligent little being what I wanted, with her key of office she turned the lock, and I had scarcely passed the threshold it was her duty to guard when a most joyous scene presented itself. In a large, dull, stupid, square, paved yard, with a shed on its right, girls, mostly from eight to fourteen, (a few were apparently sixteen, eighteen, and twenty,) with no covering on their heads, and in some instances with bare feet, were dancing, skipping, vaulting on and off wooden horses, or with uplifted and diagonally extended slight arms swinging round two gymnastic poles, and certainly a happier, a merrier, or a more innocent scene it had never been my fortune to witness. The children had clean faces, and, generally speaking, beautiful complexions, high colour, and yet, although they were all in high spirits, there was a propriety in their conduct towards each other

that was very gratifying to witness. Among them, as here, there, and every where they flew about and around in eccentric mazes, were to be seen pacing slowly up and down on straight lines, like so many admirals on their quarterdecks, four or five full-blown, full-grown ladies in bonnets and hot shoes—most of them, as they vibrated, reading in books apparently for their very lives. They were special class-teachers from the country, whose duty it is, assisted by regular teachers, to watch over the children at play, and without in any way curtailing their liberty, to report any quarrelling or conduct that deserves punishment, which simply consists in the culprit being admonished before her class.

In the system established by the Commissioners, it is strictly required that the children in these playgrounds, justly considered as halls for moral instruction, or, as they have been still better termed, “uncovered schools,” shall “never be left to themselves.”

At Almack's there are always refreshments for the dancers, and, accordingly, in the corner of the yard before me, I observed a couple of iron ladles chained to a pump, around which were a number of pleasing, pretty upper lips, almost as wet as the water which for a moment they quaffed, and then with some merry exclamation darted off again to their play.

A funeral bell, however, all of a sudden tolled the termination of this happy life, and as I foresaw that the door, which the little janitress had now opened, would probably soon be crowded, I deemed it advisable to escape through it; and, accordingly, passing through the great school-room, I entered an empty adjoining smaller one called “the Gallery,” in which fifteen forms, each capable of holding twelve scholars, rose one above another, like an orchestra, from the centre of the floor, very nearly to the ceiling.

After conversing for a few minutes with a very intelligent pupil-teacher, who had charge of the room, there entered through the door, like bees flying into their hive, a congregation of little girls from seven to twelve or thirteen years old, with a few others of more advanced age. For some seconds there was a good deal of puffing and panting, and, instead of by French cambric handkerchiefs, of gently wiping faces with the backs of right hands. There was also a very little twisting and setting to rights of long hair by, generally speaking, poking it in charge of Nature's band, the owner's ears. Only one girl had ringlets—however, as an atonement for this little piece of vanity, beside her sat a child whose strong, red hair, ending bluffly like the thatch of a cottage, had apparently been chopped off under the good old-fashioned prescription of scissors and the pudding-basin.

As soon as 180 children had taken their seats, a spelling lesson began. The word proposed had scarcely left the lips of the teacher, when from all parts of the room, top, bottom, and middle, there darted towards her in radiation the right arms of all who wished thus to declare that they could spell it. On the pronunciation of some words, every right arm started out; on the utterance of others, very few; in one instance, only two. The teacher usually selected from the number of arms offered the owner of the one she expected would be most likely to make a mistake, in which case she suddenly called upon some other pupil to correct it. The instant, however, that the word, sooner or later, was correctly spelled, down dropped all the eager young arms as if they had suddenly been paralyzed by old age. But after the poor word had been rightly spelled, and after, as I thought, it was dead and buried, the teacher, with that ingenious cruelty which has ever distinguished the race, pointing to an innocent child, asked her what it meant. "What is the *meaning* of

‘soar’?” said she, to a rosy-faced little creature of about eight years old. “To fly upwards!” it exclaimed; “To fly aloft!” ejaculated another at the very same instant, thus satisfying me that the scholars were not, without understanding, answering by rote. Observing that a great big girl, sitting among the little ones, had never once thrown out her arm, I asked the teacher in an under voice a question respecting her. “How old are you?” she immediately said aloud, pointing with her white wand to her. The poor girl, blushing strongly as she said it, softly answered “eighteen.” The teacher then explained to me that the reason she had not examined her was, that she knew she could not spell; adding, “her education before she came here had been completely neglected.”

Having satisfied myself of the great intelligence of the roomful of children I had been living with, I walked into the large adjoining room, which is lighted at each side, and is 50 feet square. In it I found 300 girls, most of them with their hands behind them, standing in segments of circles, containing from 9 to 15 each, around a young instructress or monitor, occasionally scarcely of their own age, located with her back to the wall. On the black benches which crossed the room were seated in groups, earnestly bending towards each other, a number of grown-up young teachers in bonnets, studying books, out of which they were to be examined by the Professors and by Mrs. Campbell, who, as Superintendent, has entire charge of the female school.

On my asking this highly intelligent lady how many scholars the room could contain, she replied, “Rather more than 400;” being the usual allowance of six square feet for each child.

When the particular studies at which the 300 girls had been engaged were concluded, they suddenly broke from

their magic circles, and, on taking their respective places on the benches, they became in a short time intently occupied in needlework. I own, however, that when the Lady Superintendent benevolently approached me with an enormous folio book, containing specimens of what could be done with the point of a needle, I could for some reason or other hardly suppress a deep-drawn sigh; however, on patiently going through the volume, I certainly could not help admiring all I beheld. The science of making men's shirts decidedly pleased me most; then my affections rested about equally on darning in eight varieties and on the art of patching old clothes. I cared considerably less about the mystery of making petticoats, stays, and knitted gowns; and by the time I had learned to plait straw, embroider, and make babies' boots, I felt that I had imbibed quite as much Irish useful knowledge as my head could hold.

Mrs. Campbell now kindly asked me if I would like to hear some singing; and on my replying, with great eagerness, in the affirmative, by a slight tap on the floor she called the attention of the school, and the rustling of laying aside little invaluable bits of calico, linen, &c., &c., &c., had scarcely subsided, when, to my astonishment and delight, the whole of the 300 girls rose, and, as with one voice, commenced with great taste and melody to sing together "God save the Queen!"

Their performance was not only admirable, but deeply affecting. After they had gone through the first verse, three girls, who on the requisition for music had, by migration, seated themselves together, commenced alone the second stanza. They were of course the finest voices in the school, and I do not exaggerate when I say that their execution and taste would attract attention in any capital in Europe. The contralto notes of one of them were most unusual and extraordinary—her base was as low and as deep-toned as a man's, and yet

it had all the softness of a woman's. There can be no doubt whatever that in due time these sounds will produce her an ample livelihood.

The singer by her side was a young girl of about seventeen, a tall, slight brunette, with shining hair, and with a narrow strap of black velvet, like the collar of a pet antelope, round her throat; her voice was high, clear as a bell, and sweet, and as she stood, with her eyes modestly fixed on the ground, singing in soft notes, which in beautiful harmony blended with those of her two companions,—

"May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice—
God save the Queen!"

I experienced sensations it would be impossible, and, indeed, which it is perfectly unnecessary I should describe.

The professor of music, who happened to be present, must, I am sure, have perceived how deeply I silently appreciated the successful result of his indefatigable exertions, which I afterwards had an opportunity of witnessing in the boys' school.

On taking leave of the female establishment, I feel it due to truth rather than to its young inmates—from whom ordinary flattery had infinitely better be withheld—to state, as briefly as possible, that in no country in the world that I have ever witnessed have I ever beheld the indescribable native modesty which, in their playground as well as in their studies, characterized their countenances; indeed, it was so striking that I feel confident no traveller of ordinary observation could fail to observe it.

There are three schools for boys; the largest, consisting of 400, is divided into five classes. Over each division is a paid monitor, or pupil-teacher. Every division, according to the

proficiency of the pupils, is subdivided into classes, over each of which is appointed a class monitor.

On proceeding to the largest of these schools I entered a lofty room, 80 feet long by 50 broad, containing 16 parallel desks and benches, each affording a location for 18 squatters, where I found three Professors, each at the same time addressing on an average five benches of boys, who, on every question that was asked, darted out their arms in the sharp, quick way already described. On an exalted desk at the further extremity of the room was inscribed, on a large black slate,—

Lessons for the 14th August.

1. Grammar.
2. Geography.
3. Spelling.

As I have previously explained, they had not only correctly to spell on a slate whatever word was pronounced to them, but also to write the meaning of it.

On the slates of three boys sitting in a row I saw the following words inscribed simultaneously :—

“ *Crab*—belongs to the third class of animals, called *Crustacea*.”

“ *The Crab*—belongs to the class called *Crustacea*.”

“ *The Crab*—belongs to that class of animals called *Crustacea*.”

I was afterwards shown several of their books, in many of which, over admirable writing, there appeared, justly written by the Professor, the two words, “ *Very good*”—a testimonial highly prized, I was informed, by the boys’ parents.

All of a sudden, with a great noise, the whole of the scholars arose from their seats, and, as soon as they stood erect,

the Professor put them through all sorts of movements, made them jump—fold arms—turn this way, then the other ; at last, the hour for recreation having arrived, in regular procession they were marched out ; and as with joyous, intelligent countenances, they one close to the other passed me in lock step, I could not help feeling how triumphantly they contradicted the opinion which has often so unjustly been expressed, that Irishmen instinctively rebel against discipline.

In a few minutes these boys were in their play-yard, and by the time I could get to it I found them not only in full enjoyment, but in full chorus—for they were singing together very prettily as well as playing.

Some were swinging ; some hanging by their hands on five different bars, on one of which a merry lame boy, with a countenance beaming with happiness, was suspending himself by his crutch. The top of a single post, for leap-frog, was beautifully polished by the innumerable hands, to say nothing of cloth and corduroy, that rapidly passed over it. In a shed several were playing at fives.

At the first glance the scene was one of apparent confusion, but on analysis I very shortly discovered the method that pervaded it. For instance, close to the lofty pole, around the bottom of which four boys were joyously whirling, only occasionally touching the ground with their feet, I observed a line of candidates for the fun, patiently standing in succession one behind the other, so as without contention to enjoy the ropes each in their turn.

In another portion of the yard were to be seen two rows of about twelve boys each, with their stomachs pushing hard against their neighbours' backs, their faces being all directed to one of two pumps, at which they were desirous in their turn to drink. At each pump, with his back to the wall, there stood, in charge of its iron saucer and chain, a young monitor,

At the entrance-door of the playground there was also a janitor of about the same age.

Through this merry scene a party of boys, several without shoes or stockings, were rushing and running in all directions. They were playing at hide-and-seek, the hider, as soon as taken, being brought in triumph by his captor to a tribunal. "What's that strap for?" said I to a fine, fresh-coloured strong lad, who was running with it in his hand. "To handcuff him," he replied, with a grin, "if he won't come quite (quiet)!"

After crossing over to the great building opposite to Tyrone House, where I listened for some time to a very interesting and instructive agricultural lecture, addressed by a Professor to the grown-up male teachers, who, after their period of instruction has concluded, are thus enabled to carry with them to their various localities the valuable practical knowledge that I heard imparted to them, I proceeded to a spacious building on the west of the large grass-plot, the dormitory of the female country teachers, consisting of numerous rooms, containing, according to their size, from three to twelve beds, with curtains. In an adjacent building the male teachers sleep on iron bedsteads. It might have been imagined that the mixing up in Dublin of so many young rural teachers of opposite sexes would occasionally be productive of evil consequences. I was very positively assured, however, by the highest authority, that since the creation of this establishment no such case has ever been known to occur; a fact, if it be one, highly creditable to the Irish character.

On proceeding to the infants' school, I found 300 of them in their playground, drawn up in four or five formal lines, just ready, with little monitors at their side, to tottle into school.

Their faces were all clean, and they were waiting with serious countenances for the ringing of the bell, when, all of a sudden, in consequence of a little "soft nonsense" I had whis-

pered into the ear of the teacher in charge of their yard, she called out to them in a loud tone, "*Children! you may have five minutes' more play!*" By the explosion of gunpowder one could scarcely have scattered them more suddenly in all directions. In one second the formality of their position and countenances had vanished, and all over the gritty precincts of the yard they were, mostly with little bare feet, to be seen running, tumbling, jumping, and laughing. A lot of more intelligent faces and beautiful complexions no one could desire to behold. Their glossy hair was of all colours.

In the middle of the yard were two poles, but the amusement they appeared most to enjoy was scrambling up a steep inclined wooden trough, and, on reaching the summit, squatting down, and, without the slightest attention to the adjustment of their clothes, sliding down a corresponding descending wooden trough, the *bottom* of which was not only highly polished, but literally worn into two little furrows by the endless friction that, by the inventive powers of the Commissioners, had been applied to it. In a few instances, as a great joke, a child, instead of sitting, went down this *montagne Russe* head foremost, on its stomach or back as it preferred.

Any one witnessing the innocent, happy joy of these children, would reasonably have hoped that the hand of Time would have been arrested, but, as usual, he was inexorable; the five minutes came to an end—the bell rang—the children, stomach versus back, fell out into five lines, and by word of command of her majesty the queen of their yard they once again tottled into their school-room.

On arriving there in the morning they deposit their hats and caps in a basket placed at one end of each of their respective forms, and their bread (dinner) in another basket at the other end.

In the school-room I found, seated in various directions, a

number of very intelligent-looking female teachers, each of whom had suspended before her a picture. One represented the whole process of making bread, from the ploughing of land for wheat to reaping, thrashing, grinding, and baking. Another, the various preparations which leather undergoes, and the mode of making shoes. Another was a carpenter's shop, with delineations of all his tools. Another, as a trifling change, a representation of the solar system.

Each poor teacher, like Prometheus on his rock, was chained to the picture she had undertaken to explain; but as she could not long continue to propound its contents to one group, the chief Superintendent every now and then, as if a wasp had stung her, gave a stamp and a whistle, on which each group of children, under a tiny monitor—in many instances not four years old, and who is changed every week—moved successively to the next picture, which was no sooner explained than, in obedience to another sudden stamp and whistle, these little butterflies, with their monitor, flew to sip the honey of the adjoining flower.

In a neighbouring room I found a congregation of infants on benches raised one above another, merrily singing a tune, into which had been artfully slipped a very small portion of the multiplication table, and as this medicine evidently made them very shortly more or less drowsy, (I saw one tiny sinner from the bottom of her soul give a decided yawn,) the teacher artfully revived them by saying very softly, "*Let's take another sleep!*" on which, with great glee, they all threw themselves backwards, an exertion and a joke combined, which, on their being ordered to awake, completely revived them. One little girl, however, of about two years old, who had over-acted the part, remained sound asleep; and as, with her tiny mouth open, her glossy flaxen hair lay wild and loose upon her rosy cheeks, I strongly felt how unconscious she was

of the parental endeavours which the Lord-Lieutenant, together with Commissioners the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop Murray, Lord Bellew, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Meath, the Right Hon. Alex. Macdonnell, and others of the highest attainments in Ireland, were making to impart, not only to her, but to 511,289 other children throughout Ireland, infantine habits of cleanliness and obedience, as also the inestimable advantages of an admirable education. And yet I could not help repeating to myself how lamentable is the reflection, that while, at an annual expenditure of £164,577, Parliament is assisting this great work, the Commissioners, although they have benevolently spared no pains in giving to the children they have undertaken to educate every temporal assistance that ingenuity could possibly devise, cannot to this day agree among themselves as to the admission of the Bible, or even in the construction of any simple Christian prayer in which the rising generation of Irish, Catholics and Protestants, might be taught to unite! In short, to the discredit of both religions, these children, who are taught so innocently to join together "with heart and voice" in a harmonious song of national homage to their Sovereign, are literally, by the dark rules of the institution—which "exclude from the general school all catechisms and books inculcating *peculiar* religious opinions"—strictly forbidden from exclaiming together with similar unanimity—

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE,
GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN."

THE CONSTABULARY.

IF a new Lord-Lieutenant in a very great hurry wished to obtain a correct general idea of the distribution of the Constabulary Force in Ireland—in case no poor little boy, with a face deeply pitted with the small-pox, happened to be in the neighbourhood—I would strongly advise him to buy a six-penny map of Ireland, nail it to a tree, and then, standing twenty-five yards from it, to fire at it with a close-carrying single-barrelled gun loaded with snipe-shot, which, in one second, would, as nearly as possible, mark out for him the distribution of the constabulary throughout the country he was about to govern. A glance at the map, on which every police station is accurately delineated, will, I believe, sufficiently demonstrate the truth of my prescription.

The first question which the moralist would, of course, ask, is, why so ubiquitous a force is necessary? Blinking, however, this subject for the present, there is another query, which, though of minor importance, is not unworthy of consideration; namely, by what magic power can such a scattered force be governed? By military men discipline is said to be the art of welding together, into an indissoluble band, a number of human particles, which, separately, have no strength or value whatever. But those whom discipline has thus joined, no man, with impunity, can put asunder. In a regiment, however admirable may be its efficiency, it would be

difficult to select six men who would maintain their artificial habits, if they were to be located in a lonely spot for, say, only one year. To find a company of such men would be almost impossible; and yet the constabulary force of Ireland is composed of an army of 12,501 Irishmen, belonging to two religions which we are told it is impracticable to conciliate!

With these facts fermenting in my mind I felt desirous to inform myself, first, of the nature of the force in question; and, secondly, of the mode in which it is disciplined: and as, for some hours, I had an opportunity, first, of glancing over the whole of their rules and regulations; and, secondly, of inspecting several hundred of the officers and men at the dépôt at which the whole is educated, I obtained the following trifling data on the subject:—

I.—Ireland—which contains 32 counties, 316 baronies, 2422 parishes, and 66,700 townlands—is divided, for police purposes, into 35 counties and ridings, over each of which is placed a county inspector. Each county and riding is divided into districts, averaging 7 in number, over each of which is placed a sub-inspector, whose district is further subdivided into about 7 sub-districts, each under the immediate charge of a head or other constable.

Each sub-district comprises on an average 40 townlands.

There are at present in Ireland 1590 police stations, giving on an average 48 stations to each county, and 8 policemen to each station.

The constabulary force of Ireland consists of—

Roman Catholics	.	.	7,798
Protestants	.	.	4,703
Total force	.		<u>12,501</u>

The height of the men is as follows:—

ft. in.		ft. in.	
6 8 and upwards	. 23	5 11 and upwards	. 1794
6 2	. 161	5 10	. 2921
6 1	. 506	5 9	. 4623
6 0	. 1104	5 8	. 1518

Besides acting as conservators of the public peace, the Irish constabulary direct their exertions to numerous collateral objects of great importance to the country; for instance—

They distribute and collect the voting papers for all the Poor Law Guardians.

They take the census throughout Ireland.

They escort all prisoners, excepting in Tipperary and Cork, in which counties the aid of troops is required.

They escort all convicts, and discharge the convict accounts.

They collect and settle the innumerable accounts of fines and penalties, from sixpence upwards.

They act as billet-masters throughout the country, and as auctioneers for the sale of distress.

They enforce the fishery laws under certain instructions.

They assist in various ways the Board of Health.

They act (in towns and large villages) as masters of weights and measures.

They preserve order in sessional and assize courts.

They make up annually for Government certain statistical returns of the quantity and quality of the different kinds of crop, of stock, &c., and are thus competent, at any moment when required, to report simultaneously on the state of any particular crop—the potato, for instance—throughout the whole of Ireland.

During the famine they greatly assisted the Commissariat,

as also the numerous relief commissions ; in short, from their zeal and intelligence they are ready and competent to perform almost any miscellaneous duties that may be required of them.

On comparing the pay of the constabulary with that of a corresponding number of British troops, it appears that the police are a rather less expensive force than the army ; for, although the sub-constables of police are better paid than private soldiers, yet, from the inferior pay of the other ranks of the constabulary, and from the much smaller proportion of them required than for troops, the cost of the whole force is at present, on the whole, less than that of an equal number of her Majesty's troops ;* and indeed this difference might be materially increased ; for, as the number of constable-officers is not (as in the army) measured by the number of men they command, but by the extent of country under the superintendence of each, the number of police constables at every station might be doubled, without materially increasing the officers' labour ; and as the whole police force of Ireland might thus be very largely augmented without any great addition to its complement of officers, the expense of the force, as compared with that of the army, would in that case, of course, be proportionally diminished.

From documents which will shortly be submitted, and which will enable the reader on this important subject to judge for himself, I was happy to ascertain that in the con-

* The difference is nearly as follows :—

10,000 police, with their officers and staff, cost 2000*l.* a year less than 10,000 troops without staff.

The average annual expense of the clothing of the constabulary is as follows :—

Infantry, per man	.	.	.	1	5	5½
Cavalry	.	.	.	1	19	1

stabulary, as in our army and navy, Protestants and Catholics live together in such perfect harmony, that during the last fifteen years the Inspector-General has not received above four cases of complaint connected with religion ; indeed, their difference of creed is productive to the service only of *good* ; for as the constables and sub-constables of each religion would, of course, jealously report any partiality or disaffection of a comrade on account of religion, the plain course, and indeed the only practicable course for all, is to drop religious animosity, and be faithful to their duty. Several years ago one of the constables was promptly dismissed for calling out "*O'Connell for ever !*" Immediately afterwards two more were dismissed for, with equally extended jaws, shouting, "*To hell with the Pope !*" The adherents of both parties rabidly complained to Sir Duncan M'Grigor, who quaintly enough answered their communications by laconically sending to each complainant a copy of the punishment he had just inflicted for the antagonistic exclamation.

Throughout the late elections, although the whole body of Ireland was convulsed by religious animosity, the fidelity of the constabulary was so irreproachable, that during that severe trial there has been no occasion to dismiss a single individual for disaffection. By a regulation, established by the Inspector-General, no constable or sub-constable can be allocated in the district of country of which he is a native, or in which he is known to have relations and friends ; and, as a pleasing proof of the propriety of this arrangement, it may be stated that constables, located on the confines of their own neighbourhood, of their own accord often apply to be removed, as they find their difficulties and temptations so much increased by being even in the neighbourhood of their acquaintances.

In the small detachments in which the constabulary are

scattered over the whole surface of Ireland, not only is every individual strictly required to do his own duty, but he is punished if he witnesses any irregularity in the conduct of his comrades without reporting it to his officer.

For ordinary offences there are instituted Constabulary Courts of Inquiry, which, after due investigation, deliver their verdict; but, to insure uniform discipline, the Inspector-General alone awards the punishment, which generally consists of a fine not exceeding 3*l*. With the sanction of the Lord-Lieutenant he can, however, at once rid himself of any one technically termed by his comrades "a black sheep."

In the last fifteen years the only case of disaffection that has occurred in the constabulary was an anonymous letter, written by a constable to a rebel, "hoping he would succeed." On this communication being transmitted to the Inspector-General, he sent to the culprit, desiring him to come to head-quarters with a specimen of his handwriting. The man, fancying he was to be promoted, joyfully obeyed the summons, and appeared quite elated, until, after a severe cross-examination, his letter was shown to him, upon which he at once acknowledged himself to be the writer; boldly adding, "*Those sentiments are mine!*" It is a singular circumstance—to which no unfavourable moral can reasonably be attached—that this man, who was of course instantly dismissed, had for two or three years been a student at Maynooth.

But it is by rewards rather than by punishments that the discipline of the force is established.

Any head or other constable, or sub-constable, who distinguishes himself by zealous, intelligent, and spirited conduct, is permitted to wear, as a mark of distinction, a chevron of lace on the left fore-arm of his jacket.

When a man, distinguished by four such marks, merits a

fifth, in lieu of all he receives a silver medal, which he wears suspended by a light-blue riband on his left breast.

For every occasion on which he subsequently distinguishes himself, he is allowed to wear a chevron in addition to the medal.

These chevrons and medal are not only honourable distinctions to the constable while in the service, but on his retiring from it they very properly become bills of exchange. On the termination of his services the earner of these honours receives from the Reward Fund—if a head-constable, the sum of 6*l.*, and if a constable or sub-constable, the sum of 4*l.* for each chevron: for his medal, a head-constable receives 35*l.*; a constable or sub-constable, 25*l.*; and if the man dies in the service, these well-earned sums, after his funeral, are paid over to his widow or children, but to no other *heir at law*. The medal itself is also handed over to the widow or children as an honourable testimonial. Sub-constables with medals, without regard to their services, take precedence of all others in their class; but for misconduct a man forfeits one or more chevrons, according to the nature and degree of his offence.

The Inspector-General not only declines to enlist married men, but after the recruits are enlisted they are not allowed even to speak of matrimony for at least five years; however, at the end of that period, if they sicken, their names are allowed to be enrolled, and, as vacancies occur among the 1-5th of the force that are permitted to be married, they gradually (in the order of their application) crawl up the tree of Hymen, until they arrive at the point called "holy matrimony," where they are authorized to establish themselves; "provided always," says the regulation, "that they can produce satisfactory references as to the conduct, character, and respectability [the stern order says nothing about

beauty] of the female to whom the constable or sub-constable may wish to be united."

Besides the numerous small detachments I have described, there are in each county a few men of superior attainments and experience, termed "disposable men"—Anglicè, "Detectives." They are, however, entitled to this latter appellation only in one sense of the word; for, with a view to prevent them from acting as spies, they are prohibited from looking out for intended crimes; and are directed to confine their attention exclusively to the capture of the perpetrators of outrages already committed, about which there can be no question.

With this object in view they search for information, and it is a curious fact that since the exertions of Father Matthew they have found that the difficulty of detecting crime in Ireland has considerably increased, the reason being, that the information and confessions they formerly obtained were usually volunteered by drunken men.

Formerly every county in Ireland paid one-half of the gross expenses of the constabulary located within it, and the consolidated fund paid the other half. Now the whole of the Parliamentary establishment is defrayed by the consolidated fund, the county only paying for any force it may require beyond that establishment. When, however, any great crime takes place, Government has the power to send a force, which can be located, as it deems fit, on the county at large, the barony, parish, or townland, either of which, as ordained by Government, is made chargeable for the cost of the extra force for three months certain, and for such further time as may be requisite. The beneficial effect of this regulation is, that in many cases information is privately given to Government of an intended crime, merely to avoid the expense of suppressing it.

For the constabulary men are selected solely from character and personal appearance, without reference to their religion. Some years ago about one-third of the applicants were Protestants. I ascertained, however, that the number of applicants of that creed has very lately increased.

Strange as it may sound, the little dumb potato has been the unconscious cause of this difference, for, as the lower orders of Catholics usually feed on it, and the lower orders of Protestants partly on oats, the famine caused by the potato disease, not only (as the statistics in the Government offices fully substantiate) fell principally on the poor Catholics, but subsequently, from the terrifying effects of this cause, the latter class have formed by far the greater number of the emigrants who since the famine have left Ireland.

Of the officers, who are all gentlemen, there are more Protestants than Catholics,

In proportion, however, to the whole force, which is essentially Catholic, they are very few in number.

Beginning from the lowest rank, the officers consist of—

Cadets-Probationary, who rank as constables, and who usually continue in probation for about two months.

Sub-Inspectors, of three classes, who perform the same duties, but with different rates of pay, namely, 100*l.* a year, 120*l.*, 150*l.*, and about twelve at 180*l.*

County-Inspectors, of three classes, receiving 220*l.*, 250*l.*, and 300*l.* a year.

2 Assistant Inspector-Generals,—one employed in the office in Dublin Castle, and one (Captain Roberts) commanding the Educationary Dépôt in the Phoenix Park.

2 Deputy Inspector-Generals, of great experience, who work in the office.

1 Inspector-General; Major-General Sir Duncan M'Grigor, K. C. B.

The Dépôt consists of a Commandant (Lieut.-Colonel Roberts) and six Sub-Inspectors (of whom four command companies of about one hundred and fifty infantry men each; one the cavalry troop, consisting, at present, of sixty men and 52 horses; the sixth performs the triple regimental duties of adjutant, barrack-master, and store-keeper). There are also a surgeon and a veterinary surgeon.

Besides the discipline and payment of the companies, these six officers have to conduct a large county correspondence, owing to the reserved men being scattered over Ireland, in places where, in consequence of disturbances, their services are required.

The officers who join as cadets, and who, during their probation, are dressed as officers, are taught to command a body of men, and, when competent, are promoted, as vacancies occur, to the rank of Sub-Inspector.

The officers are instructed in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, "*the* [their] code;" also how to fill up numberless returns, which, on service, they have to make as to crime, statistics, estimates, accounts, &c.

In the whole of the above, as also in the knowledge of the drill and discipline of the corps, they are strictly examined, and, unless deemed perfectly competent, are not sent to a county to be intrusted with the charge of a district. The time occupied in their primary instruction, which they are required to continue when detached, is usually from 4 to 5 months.

As the constables of the three ranks, in their remote and often solitary locations, have to act as paymasters, they also are all instructed as accountants, and in other matters which will shortly be detailed.

In the whole force there are, per annum, about 1000 vacancies, caused by resignations, deaths, retirements by pension or

gratuity, and dismissals, the latter averaging each year about 200.

Every individual in the constabulary is required to have in his possession, and to be catechised therefrom, a small printed book, entitled "EXTRACTS FROM THE STANDING RULES AND REGULATIONS, AS PUBLISHED FOR THE INFORMATION AND GUIDANCE OF THE CONSTABULARY FORCE OF IRELAND."

On glancing over the 558 regulations contained in this blue-bound *vade mecum*, the following appeared to exemplify, very satisfactorily, the admirable principles by which Sir Duncan M'Grigor has organized this valuable corps:—

" 17. Every inferior, whether officer or constable, is to receive the lawful commands of his superior with deference and respect, and to execute them to the best of his power; and every superior, in his turn, whether officer or constable, is to give his orders in the language of moderation, and of regard to the feelings of the individual under his command.

" 96. It is of great importance that the men should be respected by the people of the country, and obtain the good opinion of the gentry. They will, therefore, be extremely cautious in their demeanour, and, by sober, orderly, and regular habits, respectful attention to every gentleman, and ready zeal to execute the lawful orders and commands of the magistrates, endeavour to obtain the approbation of all classes.

" 97. The situations in which the men are placed render it of the highest importance that they should be on the most cordial terms with each other, and join in every thing that can tend to the advantage of the establishment; therefore, any man who is inclined to quarrel with his comrades will be considered unfit for the service.

" 173. All official authorities are to be treated with marked attention and respect by every member of the force; and head and other constables are never to pass any of the Queen's judges of assize, lieutenants of counties, vice-lieutenants, high-sheriffs, magistrates, sub-sheriffs, coroners, officers of the revenue police, or officers of the force, without saluting them.

" 193. The constabulary force should sedulously cultivate a good understanding with the army, navy, and other public services.

" *Firing.*

" 396. The constabulary being, from the nature of the service, much

detached, and acting, necessarily, in the performance of their various duties, in small parties, are intrusted with arms for their own preservation, and that of their barracks and prisoners; it cannot therefore be too strongly impressed on the mind of each and every member of the force, how highly essential it is to guard against the slightest wanton or wilful misuse of their arms, but to observe the utmost forbearance that humanity combined with prudence can dictate, before incurring the awful as well as legal responsibility of firing on the people; a measure which should never be resorted to until the very last extremity, and not until after every other means shall have failed for the preservation of those engaged in carrying the law into effect. It should be constantly borne in mind, that, however well justified a policeman may consider himself in firing, the act, with all its accompanying circumstances, whether the result be attended by loss of life or otherwise, must become the subject of legal investigation. It therefore behoves those who may be placed in such a situation to be well prepared to prove that they acted with becoming humanity, caution, and prudence; and that they were compelled by necessity alone to have recourse to their arms.

" 397. Whenever the necessity of firing should unfortunately arise, it ought to be at the leaders of a riot, or the assailants of the police, and, if possible, with effect. Firing over the heads of mobs engaged in an illegal pursuit must not be allowed; as a harmless fire, instead of intimidating, would give confidence to the daring and the guilty.

" 402. The constabulary should, upon all occasions (as before directed), observe the utmost caution and forbearance in using their arms; but should any attempt be made to force an entrance into their barracks, or to rescue prisoners, who may be in their charge, or to deprive them of their arms, they ought, in those purely defensive situations, to act with the utmost firmness and determination, and to resist by every means in their power the loss of their barracks, prisoners, or arms.

" 403. The police are expressly prohibited from firing shots, for the purpose of intimidating any persons they may be authorized to arrest, or for any other purpose whatever, or under any other circumstances than those set forth in the 7th chapter.

" Prisoners.

" 483. Are to be treated by the constabulary with every humane consideration which their situation and safety can admit of, and no unnecessary restraint or harshness shall be permitted towards them; but on the other hand, as the escape of any prisoner must ensure the dismissal of the

person or persons in charge of him, it behoves the police to be vigilant in the discharge of his or their duty.

" 484. Every rational allowance should be made for the feelings of a prisoner by his escort; but as the latter is responsible for his safe custody, he is to be handcuffed, if charged with the commission of any serious offence, or if a person of bad or suspicious character, if there be reasonable grounds to apprehend an escape or rescue.

" 485. Females, or old or infirm prisoners, are not to be handcuffed; and the constabulary are not to converse with their prisoners or question them respecting the offences with which they may be charged.

" Witnesses and Prosecutors.

" 558. In all trials wherein the police may either be witnesses or prosecutors, they should give their testimony in a manly, straightforward manner, without caring or appearing to care about the effects of it, either as to the conviction or acquittal of the accused in criminal matters, or as to the result in any civil or other suit.

" 559. They should merely and briefly answer the questions put to them without remark or commentary; and, if cross-examined, they should carefully avoid making a disrespectful or an intemperate reply; for if their testimony be fairly and honestly given, they need not fear, and should not be annoyed at, any ordeal to which they may be subjected. It must, however, be clearly understood that no man can be considered as a worthy member of the force who is not a respectable witness, and that any instance of prevarication before any court of assize, sessions, inquiry, or other tribunal whatsoever, shall ensure the immediate dismissal of the witness who prevaricates, or gives partial or vindictive evidence."

THE CONSTABULARY DEPOT.

This establishment, romantically situated in a retired portion of the Phoenix Park, is composed of barrack-looking buildings, forming three sides of a rectangular, capacious, dark-coloured, gritty parade-ground. The long north front, which has a clock in the middle of it, contains officers' quarters, officers' mess-room, sleeping-rooms for the infantry portion of the force, and the Commandant's quarters; on the

east, or right, a short wing for infantry; on the west, or left, similar accommodation, with stabling beneath, for the cavalry.

The whole is surrounded on the south by a ditch, terminating at each end by a rustic, countryfied, cottage-looking guard-house, which has evidently been scientifically constructed for the purpose, like a bastion, of flanking the ditch in case of an attack. In the iron shutters of its windows are loopholes, and I also in the walls observed more loopholes, filled up with brick-nogging, that could evidently be knocked out with the butt end of a musket at a moment's notice. The other three sides are protected by a jagged-topped stone wall, 8 feet high.

Close to the iron entrance-gates is a small movable guard-room, 10 feet square, whose roof, floor, and sides are composed of shutters, the lower portion of which, by iron lining, have been made ball-proof. In the sides are hooks for five hammocks, carefully hung in the portion that is musket-proof.

A few habitations of this sort are in store, ready to form a portable barrack for mountains, or for any uninhabited spot in which it may be necessary to locate a party for a few months.

On arriving, by appointment, at 10 o'clock in the morning at this Dépôt, I found the whole of its dark-green force marching in companies on the Parade, and as, by order of the Commandant, they wheeled into line, I saw at a glance before me a well-organized body of regular troops; indeed, in soldier-like appearance, arms, accoutrements, and uniform, they strongly reminded me of that noble corps, the old 95th, nowadays christened "The Rifle Brigade." They had the same slight, active appearance; although, on the whole, they were evidently taller.

The full dress of the men is, a black shako, a dark-green soldier's jacket with worsted epaulettes of the same colour, dark-green trowsers and gloves, boots, a black patent-leather

cross-belt, clasping with a brass plate, a black shining-leather waistband containing two black pouches, one for percussion caps, the other for a pair of iron handcuffs. Their arms are composed of a short carbine with a spring bayonet, which, when unfixed, is attached by another spring to its scabbard, so as to prevent the weapon, in either position, from being forced from its place. In every cartouch-box there were 20 rounds of ball cartridge (two loose and ready) and 30 spare caps, and above them was suspended, by black straps, a black knapsack. Each man in full marching order carries 33 lb. 4 oz., including his carbine and bayonet, which weighs 7 lb. 15 oz., and his cartouch-box with 20 rounds of ball cartridge, weighing 4 lb. 3 oz. For undress, the men wear a smart, neat foraging cap, with black patent-leather chin-straps.

On walking through the ranks, I perceived that the acting constables (corporals) were distinguished by two gold chevrons on the left arm. The constables (who rank as sergeants) had three gold chevrons. The head-constable (second class), who wears two small gold epaulettes, and in his undress gold twist, has on his arm four bars surmounted by a crown embroidered in gold. Instead of a single he has a double-barrelled carbine, with a short sword that can be attached to it as a bayonet. The head-constable, first class (sergeant-major), whose clothes are of superfine cloth, has the same four chevrons and crown; but underneath them is embroidered a gold shamrock. Besides the above, those men and non-commissioned officers who have earned them, are distinguished by the good-conduct chevron and silver badge of merit already described. The officers wear shakos, dark-green uniform, with gilt epaulette scales; their long straight swords are in burnished steel scabbards.

The mounted constabulary is a well-appointed cavalry force, composed of tall, slight, wiry-looking men, selected for their superior activity, general intelligence, and predilection

for horses and mounted service. They are not selected if they are under five feet eight or above five feet ten, if they exceed in weight twelve stone, or until they have served as infantry police for two years. Their uniform consists of a dark-green jacket and trowsers with black stripe, a light-green worsted waist-belt, a black cavalry cap, with patent-leather peak, brass chin-scales, patent-leather cross-belt, white gloves, and steel spurs. In front of their saddle, which is the same as that used by the horse artillery, they carry a brace of pistols covered with brown leather; behind it, a valise protected by black oil-skin. The horses have bright collar-chains and white girths. The appointments, including every thing, weigh 5 stone 4 lbs. On ordinary service the men wear a foraging cap, and the horses do not carry the valise; the weight of the appointments is thus reduced to 3 stone 12 lbs.

Every man, after having served one year in the mounted force to the satisfaction of his county-inspector, is entitled, if a constable, to an addition of 2*l.*, and if a sub-constable of 1*l.* 10*s.*, to his usual salary; thus making the pay of a mounted constable 38*l.*, and of a sub-constable 29*l.* 4*s.* a year. The increase, however, above named is forfeited by misconduct, or by the man being removed to the infantry. To the cavalry the principal words of command are given by a trumpet, to the infantry by bugles.

As soon as our slight inspection was over, the Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Roberts, who, under the direction of the Inspector-General, has indefatigably raised and trained upwards of 14,000 constabulary recruits, put his force through various military evolutions adapted to their particular duties. For the purpose of clearing away a mob, the infantry advanced rapidly in the form of a solid wedge, which, as soon as it was supposed to have penetrated the mob, gradually extended itself into line. They then quickly formed themselves into small defen-

sive squares; and although they have happily never had occasion to carry it into effect, they went through a movement of street firing adapted for a small force, which it would be impossible for any undisciplined crowd to resist. Advancing in sections about the length of a narrow street, the leading men no sooner fired than a section from the rear in double quick time ran in front and fired again; and so on a rapid succession of volleys was administered. Besides this exercise, the men are taught first to fire blank cartridges, and then, with the help of a target, are (as it is professionally termed) "finished off with ball," until, as I was informed, they can hit true and well at 100 yards. On the whole, I certainly have never seen assembled a more intellectual force; indeed, there was an intelligence in their countenances, a supple activity in their movements, and a lightness in their tread, that were very remarkable.

The Commandant, having most obligingly shown me a specimen of the Irish Constabulary in its manufactured state, now pointed to a picturesque portion of the Phoenix Park immediately outside the south ditch of the barracks, where I had an opportunity of seeing, standing in squads of 20 and 30 men each, the raw material of which it is constructed.

On a small expanse of emerald-green grass, studded here and there with beautiful gnarled thorn-trees, which, increasing in number, soon formed a wild-looking forest, bush, or jungle, much resembling spots I had seen in uninhabited portions of South America, I found standing in squads of 20 or 30, clasp-
ing their thighs, and in various degrees of strangulation, recruits, some of whom, having arrived but the day before, had only that morning been gifted with a hard, stiff patent-leather stock, which gave that sort of protuberance to the eyes which I remember formed the first feature in my own military career. Some had joined a week, some a fortnight, and the rest

rather more than three weeks. Without reference to religion, almost all had been selected as being the sons of deserving small farmers. They were, generally speaking, fine, handsome, intelligent lads of from 18 to 20; well dressed, wearing waistcoats, neckcloths, and clean shirts. There was nothing clownish or cloddish in their appearance; and the progress which the more advanced had made during the very short period of their probation exemplified what I believe is an old remark, namely, the natural aptitude of the Irish to be soldiers—not sailors, as *that* profession rarely suits them.

After observing for a few minutes their star-gazing attempts to march, countermarch, &c.—in short, the vigorous efforts of these military grubs to become butterflies—I returned with the Commandant to the Parade to look at the barracks. We first went to the officers' quarters, where I entered a good reading-room well supplied with newspapers, and an excellent mess-room, handsomely carpeted, with mahogany sideboard, plate, and other Constabulary comforts.

In the infantry barracks, on the ground floor, I found the men's rooms, which are 33 feet by 20, newly whitewashed; and besides two lofty windows at each end, they were scientifically ventilated by four holes about three feet from the floor for the admission of heavy pure air, and by two holes in the ceiling for the exit—*viâ* the chimney—of light foul air. In every room were sixteen iron bedsteads, each containing a fresh bed and pillow of straw, a pair of sheets, two blankets, and a quilt. The tick beds are washed every six months, and the pillow cases every four months. The men's accoutrements were arranged on shelves, and around each room were stands for their arms. For the lower panes of the windows I observed iron shutters, loop-holed; in short, the Irish Constabulary in their barracks are, in fact, a select garrison of admirably drilled troops, occupying, very properly and very

peaceably, a very snug little fortress of their own. But its loopholes are blinded, and the officers and non-commissioned officers wear quiet civil titles ; and thus Parliament, so invariably averse to every description of force that by its efficiency deserves the unpopular appellation of "*regular*," good-humouredly looks upon the whole, and, satisfied by the blocked-up loopholes, finds no reason whatever to complain of "unconstitutional protection."

On ascending a stone staircase we passed some single small rooms, about 12 feet square each, containing a solitary bed, and a table bearing an inkstand, pens, &c. They belong to the constables (sergeants).

On the upper story I found a series of rooms similar to those below, but with a small low door pierced in the wall of each, so as in case of *attack* to allow the men, by stooping, freely to circulate through the whole region without being obliged to ascend the staircase.

Under each bedstead I remarked a black box, on the side of which was written the owner's name in white letters, containing, besides his linen, &c., a suit of plain clothes and round hat ; which, if necessary, enables the force without danger to move from station to station, or to assemble in force at any given point, without irritation or observation.

In rear of these barracks are a cleaning yard ; washing-room, supplied by a steam boiler with hot and cold water ; a shed for cleaning clothes, and for drilling in wet weather, &c. In the cooking-house, in which are eight large caldrons, I found three women engaged and paid by the men to cook their victuals and clean their rooms.

In the cavalry wing there is a sergeants' mess-room, containing tables neatly covered with painted oil-cloth. On the walls were hanging several maps and the mess regulations. From the latter it appears that these chief constables get an

excellent breakfast and dinner for 11*d.*, servants and washing included. Throughout the barracks smoking, card-playing, and gambling of every description, are strictly prohibited. In the riding-school I found several recruits in dark green, with brass scales to their caps, riding on horses, each branded on the shoulder with his respective number. The stables, which are 36 feet by 20, and well ventilated, are divided by iron rails; and over each iron manger is written the number, age, and date of purchase, of the horse that is eating out of it.

In the hospital, which is luxuriously supplied with hot and cold baths, the sick are all required to wear a blue-bottle coloured dress, to prevent them flying unseen to their healthy green-coated comrades. On looking over the dietary, I was quite delighted to find that on Friday all the inmates, whether Protestant or Catholic, dine amicably together on fish.

In the eastern short wing of the establishment I found an excellent, healthy, well-ventilated school-room, containing in two divisions sixteen long desks and benches. In front of them was the teacher's table, with globes, a case for books, &c.

On their first entrance here, the recruits are made to copy out the rules and regulations by which they are to be governed, and in which they are strictly examined. In addition, they are taught orthography, grammar, arithmetic, geography, with a particular knowledge of Ireland, and the rudiments of geometry.

They are then in the "special class" taught, by a constable-schoolmaster, a highly intelligent young man, book-keeping and mathematics. No recruit is allowed to be detached until by examination he has shown himself competent to perform his duty. In like manner, his subsequent promotion depends on his passing a superior examination:—

"It is in vain," says the printed regulations, "for any man to expect promotion who cannot write with facility a good legible hand, and spell well."

To enable him to prepare himself for this future examination, he receives, previous to his leaving the dépôt, every necessary instruction. On the whole, it appeared to me that at the Constabulary dépôt every practicable exertion is made to give to the important force it educates an intellectual character, as well as that intelligence, activity, and zeal which its delicate and difficult duties so urgently require.

COLLEGE OF MAYNOOTH.

OUTSIDE the entrance-door of Morrison's Hotel there are always—like sharks in a hot latitude floating within the surf of a beach—a number of carmen, greedily waiting to snap up any human body that they can see at all struggling for assistance; and, accordingly, no sooner, on leaving the aforesaid hotel at 9.45 A. M., did I happen to stand for a second or two rather irresolutely on the pavement (the fact is I was thinking that I should probably want a car) than one flew at me like a bull-dog, and, stepping aboard of it, I had scarcely taken my seat, when off it started with me, dragging me sideways in a direction exactly opposite to my wishes.

"Where the deuce are you going?" said I to the driver.

"Where does yere Arn'r *wish* to go?" he replied, pulling up.

"Why didn't you ask that before you started? What are you in such a terrible hurry about?" I added.

"Well, yere Arn'r! I've a good harse her! She's a well-bred baste!" And, on my smiling as my right eye glanced at her for a moment, he added, "I can see yere Arn'r knows what a well-bred baste is!"

The animal was certainly exceedingly impatient to be off; and in a very few minutes after I had divulged to the driver where I wished to go, she rattled me through the streets to the spot, and the sixpenny transaction between us all three

having thus concluded, the car slowly jogged away from the station-door of the Great Southern and Western Railway, as I walked into it.

From a porter I learned that there had lately been an alteration in the departure of the train that was to drop me at Maynooth, and as I had in consequence thereof arrived at the station half an hour too soon, I strolled from it with perfect impartiality in the first direction that offered itself. Passing a large stack of peat for sale, I came suddenly to a canal basin, in which a couple of naked boys of about eight years old were splashing. "Throw me a halfpenny, yere Arn'r," exclaimed one, "till I dive for ut!" In an instant I complied with the first half of the child's little prayer, intending him to catch my penny with his hands. He, however, did not attempt to do so; but, diving after it, brought it, to my astonishment, up in his mouth.

Four or five men close to me immediately left their work, and they seemed to take such an eager interest in sport (I believe of any sort), that they prevailed on me to throw into the water another penny. "Hould!" exclaimed one; "here's Jan cummun that 'ull dive for ut from the tap o' the wharl!" The words were hardly pronounced when a lad of about seventeen, who had just run up to the group, threw off his jacket, kicked off his trowsers—he had neither shirt, shoes, nor stockings on—and, to my surprise, I saw him climb to the top of a stone wall upwards of ten feet high, and then, running along the round coping, I perceived by the attitude he was assuming that he was about to jump head foremost across the coped towing-path beneath him into deep water. I was most seriously alarmed lest he should kill himself, and his intended performance, in the middle of a city, was altogether so irregular, that nearly to the extent of my voice I called on him, imperatively, to desist.

"Sure, yere Arn'r, he's always doing it for iny gintleman!"

"No, no!" I exclaimed, and I was proceeding very earnestly with my protest, when from my little audience there arose such a simultaneous series of rejoinders in different voices of "Arn'r!" "Yere Arn'r!" and "Yere Arn'r!" that it immediately occurred to me that the best thing I could do with my honour was to decamp with it, and so, throwing down a sixpence for the lad who at that instant, with his hands clasped before his head, had dived from the top of the wall into the basin at some distance beneath, I very quickly walked away, and, descending a steep street, came to a flat broad one, in which I stood for some minutes, observing what appeared to be large walking haycocks with a horse's head projecting from the middle of each; indeed, in many instances the hay trailed on the ground on each side of the poor animal who was thus bringing it on his back from the country to Dublin market. Close on my left, snuffling and grubbing in the dust, were half-a-dozen little pigs, each with his near fore and near hind legs tied together by a small hayband to prevent him cantering. Whilst I was looking at this arrangement, a maimed beggar-woman slowly walked up to me. To prevent a long story, I gave her a halfpenny. "May God in Heaven reward ye!" she fervently muttered, as she continued her course.

My half-hour's stroll was now nearly expended, so returning to the station I took from the clerk in waiting a second-class return ticket to Maynooth.

As all I knew about travelling in Ireland was from certain pictures I had studied in my youth of thatched postchaises and of hostlers running with red-hot pokers in their hands to "start" the horses, I was curious to learn in what sort of accommodation I was about to be embedded. On reaching the platform, I found a train of dark, rich blue carriages, equal, if

not superior, to any I have ever seen on the continent of Europe. Each was composed of a first-class coupé, handsomely lined with blue cloth, and (between them) of two second-class carriages, painted in the interior drab-colour. In both were four seats, comfortably furnished with well-stuffed cushions covered with new, glossy morocco leather. The glass windows, above which were Venetian shutters painted in two shades of light blue, had neat linen curtains chequered in blue and drab. From the roof of the carriage, which was painted white, there protruded two round, black iron ventilators, about nine inches high, pierced with holes like a colander. In the coupés there was scarcely an inhabitant, but the second-class compartment was nearly filled with a clean, well-dressed, and respectable class of persons. As soon as a sudden and loud whistle, which I particularly remarked had no peculiar Irish tone, ordered us to start, a general commotion, or rather a series of general commotions, began; and although I could not correctly hear what was said, it was evidently at intervals of a very jocular description, and accordingly there were every now and then, behind, before, and on either side of me, paroxysms of convulsive grins, the causes of which I could not learn, and shall now never know.

Dublin, in the direction in which we were travelling, has no suburbs, and so in a few minutes we were all flying through flat, rural scenery, strongly resembling England, excepting that the colour of the grass as it flitted by was certainly, if possible, rather more beautiful. In the fields, which were small, and bounded by hedges, we continually passed close to groups of sturdy reapers, and their living attitudes, and open, sunburnt breasts, contrasted with the motionless yellow sheaves that stood around them, formed a pleasing picture of "harvest home." Alongside of us, as we glided on, was—as is usually the case in railway travelling—a canal, the horses

and boats of which appeared by comparison to be moving backwards.

By the time we had got fifteen miles, the speed of the train evidently began to diminish, and, continuing to slacken, it had scarcely stopped, when I heard loudly ejaculated by a monotonous, psalm-singing voice, which on two legs was evidently rapidly approaching me, the word "MAY-nooth!" and on looking out of the window, a neat white station, bounded on each side by a high, bright pea-green paling, a pea-green lamp-post, a pea-green ladder, and a pea-green bell-post, all newly painted, was standing close before me.

I had some little difficulty in threading my way through some knees more or less hard to the door of the carriage, and thus I was, scarcely on the platform of the station when away went the train with a whistle, "and," as the old song says, "I was left all alone."

On passing through the station, I found waiting at its portal a couple of hack cars, and as I stepped on the footboard of one, and as there was no fare for the other, both trotted, one close to the other, towards the village of Maynooth, distant about 200 yards. The driver of an Irish car utterly abhors that vacuum in the human mind commonly called ignorance; his duty and his delight are to impart information of any sort or description to the person he drives, and thus, before I had proceeded twenty yards, I was instructed that a piece of claret-coloured water before me was the canal-basin, that it was a harbour for coals,—that the ruins on my left were the old castle of Maynooth,—and my conductor, jabbering as fast as he could, was actually pointing to them with his whip, when I heard loudly ejaculated to him from the carman close behind us, "Johnnie! why don't ye shau the man the orbelisk?" The reasons I suppose were, 1st, that it was exactly in the opposite direction to that which the whip was pointing to; and, secondly,

because my driver, no doubt, considered that, just as a marquess, however old, ranks above a baron, however new, so do castles, ruined or not, rank before columns, pyramids, and obelisks, whatever may be the events, new or old, they commemorate.

The instant I reached the village I begged my instructor to pull up, and, without loss of time, having once again descended upon the surface of this earth, I briefly asked, according to its custom, what I had to pay. "Ye can give ut me by and by, yere Arn'r! Yere Arn'r, *this*," pointing to a little building like a methodist chapel, "is the cort-[court]-house, and *this* with the railings round it is the market-house built by the Dooke!" "Does yere Arn'r wish to go in ut?" said the feeble voice of a little bare-footed boy in rags, whom I had not observed at my side; adding, "there's a marn in there, yere Arn'r, who has the kay." "Go along out o' thart!" said the driver, suddenly looking as if he was on the point of kicking and striking the boy's stomach at one and the same time. Not wishing to be involved in a dispute of this nature, I piteously begged leave to be left to myself, and after having, with considerable difficulty, gained my independence, I availed myself of it by quietly looking around me.

The village of Maynooth, which is about a quarter of a mile long, is composed of one long, very broad, straight street of low houses, two stories high, some of which are white, and the rest from age a light-drab colour. At several intervals are to be seen very slight indications of a bygone intention on the part of this quiet village to turn itself by three or four streets at right angles into a town, but the abortive attempt soon dwindled into huts and cabins, that in a very few yards came to an end. At the eastern extremity of the main street there is a low wall with iron railing, and a park-gate, communicating with a broad road and greensward upwards of a

mile long, and of the breadth of the main street, of which in fact it is a prolongation. This road and park are the approach from Maynooth to Carlton, the splendid residence of the Duke of Leinster.

The opposite or western extremity of the long street I have described is abruptly terminated at right angles by an iron railing, fixed in a low concave dwarf wall, supporting at intervals several pilasters, on which appear two couchant sphinxes, one on each side of the iron entrance gates; two lions couchant and fiercely looking down the main street; six globes; and three ornamental ancient urns. Immediately on the right of these railings, but outside them, are the ruins of an old castle, the ancient residence of the Fitzgeralds and ancestors of the Duke of Leinster. Within the railings, bounded by two groves of horse-chestnuts, beeches, and acacias, are a couple of nice-looking grass-plots, separated by a road on which are flourishing four fine yew-trees, two large hollies, two large laurustinus, and a few other evergreens. At the termination of this lawn, about one hundred yards from the railings, stands the Royal College of Maynooth, looking like something between an old-fashioned English country-house and a French chateau, with a wing at each end, of a modern and rather a manufactory appearance. In short, it resembles, on the whole, very much one of the innumerable "establishments" within a dozen miles of London, in which the substantial family residence of "the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time," has, by the addition of a pair of plain new vulgar wings, been converted into a school.

The old portion of the building, which projects slightly beyond the other two, is three stories high, with five windows in each; the wings are two stories high, with ten windows in each. The whole, which has been rough-cast, looks weather-beaten and old.

The central portion is inhabited entirely by Professors. The middle window of its second story was wide open, displaying to view two very large school globes, separated by twelve extra-sized folio volumes with red leaves, standing on their edges, with their lettered backs uppermost.

When I was in Dublin I called twice at the residence of Dr. Cullen, the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, intending, although I was perfectly unknown to him, to ask him to be so good as to give me a note of introduction to the President of Maynooth College. He happened, however, at both times to be from home; and I therefore determined that, without applying to any one for assistance, I would go down to the College and take my chance of being admitted into it or not.

Accordingly, walking up to the central door, I rang the bell, and, on a servant appearing, I desired he would give my card to the President, and say I begged leave to speak to him. The man told me that the President was away, but he would go to the Vice-President; and in the mean while he begged me to walk into a comfortable small room of three windows, handsomely furnished with a scarlet and black carpet; scarlet curtains edged with yellow lace, white muslin curtains underneath; a round table, covered with a scarlet and black cloth; ten dining-room chairs, with black hair-bottoms; a dumb waiter; brass fender; common grate; a painting of a man, with both hands uplifted, on his knees before two friars, one standing, the other sitting on the ground close to a cross surmounted by Alpine scenery. In a spacious carpeted adjoining room, the door of which was wide open, was a large dining-table (standing on a scarlet and black carpet), four silver decanter-stands, a large full-length picture of St. Francis on a pedestal, and about a dozen and a half of plain black hair-bottomed chairs.

In a few minutes the door from the entrance-hall opened,

and in walked the Vice-President, in his black gown. He appeared to be about 40 years of age; he was tall, light, and active, with a countenance not only exceedingly clever, but particularly mild and pleasing. He had my card in his hand; and I had scarcely apologized for calling upon him, as a complete stranger, when he replied, "You were Governor of Canada?" I answered, "I was." And, rather to my surprise, he then added, "And you have taken the part of Louis Napoleon?" As I did not want to enter into that subject, I briefly said, "I had," muttering to myself at the moment, "Well, you have read the *Times* at all events!" "Do you want," said he, "to see our College?"

Of course I did; but as I was particularly anxious that he should not consider I had come merely from private curiosity, I at once took my black note-book out of my pocket, and opening it, and displaying to him some ten or fifteen pages of pencil writing, I said very gravely, "I yesterday took these notes of the system of Irish education pursued in Marlborough street, Dublin. If you see no objection, I desire to take similar notes, not on theological subjects, but on the general management of this College."

For a moment I thought I saw a very small cloud of reflection flit across the sunshine and serenity of his countenance; but it had scarcely vanished when he said, with great kindness of manner, "I will show you every thing myself."

It appears that the establishment of the Royal College of St. Patrick at Maynooth, founded on Mr. Pitt's recommendation, in 1795, by the Irish Parliament in the reign of George III., consists at present of a President, a Vice-President, a Dean, two junior Deans, a Prefect of the Dunboyne establishment, who also acts as Librarian, a Bursar, and a Secretary to the Board of Trustees, composed of three Catholic Archbishops, seven Bishops, and four Irish noblemen.

The Professors are of

Dogmatical and Moral Theology.

Natural Philosophy.

Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.

English Rhetoric and French.

Ecclesiastical History.

Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethica.

Humanity.

Irish.

There are also attached to the Institution, a Counsel, a Law-agent, a Physician, a consulting Physician, a Surgeon, a consulting Surgeon, two resident Medical Attendants, and lastly a Printer and Bookseller.

For the maintenance of this establishment the sum of about 8000*l.* was annually voted by the Irish, and afterwards by the Imperial Parliament, from 1795 to 1807, when an additional 5000*l.* was granted for the enlargement of the buildings. From 1808 to 1813 the annual vote was 8283*l.*, and from 1813 to 1845 it was raised to 8923*l.* By the Act of 8 and 9 Vict. c. 25, the College, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, was placed on a new foundation, and permanently endowed for the maintenance and education of 500 students, and of 20 senior scholars on the Dunboyne foundation, for the support of which the College receives from the fee simple estates of the late Lord Dunboyne 460*l.* a year.

Besides providing for the annual cost of commons, &c., for these 520 students, of allowances to the 20 Dunboyne students, and to 250 students of the three senior classes, and of salaries to the president, superiors, and professors, the Act above quoted moreover vested in the Commissioners of Public Works the sum of 80,000*l.*, for erecting the buildings ne-

cessary to accommodate the enlarged number of students, which at present amounts to 520.

The rules for their admission are as follows:—

No applicant can be received as a student at Maynooth College unless he be designed for the priesthood in Ireland, be sixteen years of age, be recommended by his bishop, and unless he be competent to pass a prescribed examination.

The ordinary course of study requires for its completion five years, after which the student is deemed fit to be made a priest; but those who, by their superior qualifications, have been selected for the Dunboyne establishment, continue their course for three additional years. The studies principally consist of Greek and Latin classics, rhetoric, mathematics, French, English composition, the historical books of the Bible, logic, moral philosophy, natural history, ecclesiastical history, theology, and the Hebrew and Irish languages.

The Vice-President explained to me that within the territory of the College, which comprises about eighty acres, there are three separate buildings, namely:—

1. One containing 390 senior students, composed of a sort of barrack, forming three sides of a hollow square. (The front of this building is that with two wings, which I have already described.)

2. A new college just erected in rear of the old one by the Parliamentary grant of 8 & 9 Vict. c. 25, forming also three sides of a hollow square.

3. A large detached building of two fronts, containing 130 junior students, whom, on their arrival, it is deemed advisable to keep for three years by themselves.

The Vice-President was good enough to propose to take me over these buildings in the order named.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

The first portion of this establishment which we entered was a "prayer hall," containing benches with backs of deal varnished, capable of receiving all the students of the senior establishment. At one end was a small platform slightly raised, for the reader. From it we entered "the refectory," a large room 120 feet long, by 36 broad, and lighted by ten windows. At one end was a raised gallery, like the orchestra of a country ball-room. The floor was composed of glazed tiles, on which were irregularly arranged deal tables and deal benches, sufficient for 390 students who dine here. In the centre of the room, near the wall, stands an elevated desk or pulpit, from which prayers are read very loudly to the students during the whole of their dinner-time. The Vice-President told me that the subjects read "consisted of a chapter from the Bible (the reader during the time standing up uncovered), the historical works of the Church of England, some Saint's life, and lastly, the Roman martyrology of the day in Latin."

We next proceeded to the library, a low solid-looking room, 115 feet long, divided by short walls into a suite of eleven recesses, on the right and left as one walks up it, lettered successively from A to K.

In walking up the aisle or middle of the room, I observed in these several recesses, seated at a single table, more or less loaded with books, a young student in his black gown and black stock, edged with white, intently reading,—indeed, they were apparently so completely engrossed with their respective studies, that not above one or two of them even raised their eyes as we passed.

On reaching the fireplace at the end of the room, I observed on it a statue of King George III., the founder of the

institution ; and the compartments A, on either side of it, to my surprise I found completely filled with bibles of every description. "Well," said I to myself, as I looked at them and then the royal statue, "here's certainly Church and State!" In this compartment there was standing a young student, of about twenty-one years of age, who had apparently charge of it; and as he saw that the Vice-President and I were conversing, and were evidently interested in the subject, he handed me down, with great alacrity, bibles of a variety of languages, English, French, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic; then one huge polyglot volume of pages divided into three compartments, in which was the Bible in the Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Bohemian, Italian, Spanish, French, English, Danish, Polish languages. "And yet," said I to the President, "you have no bible in *Irish*!" I moreover observed in this compartment A, Calvinus in Epistolas; Roberti Stephani, MDLVI.; Beza in Evangelium; Biblia Sacra Beza; Biblia Hebraica Hennicotti (from the Clarendon Press, Oxford, date 1780). There were numerous commentaries on the Septuagint, commentators of all classes and creeds, Grotius and Calmet included. Among the earliest editions I observed Rider's Family Bible, Haydock's Holy Bible, Douay Bible, King Henry VIII.'s Bible, lastly, a very old one in black letter, with Apocrypha and all complete, excepting the title-page, which was missing.

On retracing my steps along the aisle or centre of this library, I observed, hanging on one of the low walls which formed the recesses, a notice, of which the following is a copy :—

"WHOEVER TAKES A BOOK OUT OF THIS LIBRARY
incurs excommunication

IPSO FACTO."

From the library we went to the chapel, before the principal altar of which the Vice-President knelt with great devotion for about half a minute, and then rising explained to me—what was perfectly evident—that there was scarcely accommodation for the 390 students of the senior department.

We next proceeded to the dormitories, and, ascending a stone staircase deeply worn by feet, we came in the upper stories to passages—in several instances they were 420 feet long, and 10 feet broad—in which we met a number of the students, who appeared to pass the Vice-President with most remarkable respect. The rooms, which were of different sizes, had from two to six curtainless iron bedsteads, on each of which was a feather pillow and a hair or grass mattress. The chambers were scantily furnished, and had few ornaments, excepting occasionally a cheap holy picture or image on the wall.

In the kitchen I found on one side two very large adjoining fireplaces, before which were revolving, one above the other, a couple of exceedingly long spits, closely covered with joints of mutton.

Between these two furnaces, at a short distance below the ceiling, was a niche cut out of the solid wall, as if to contain a large statue. Within it, in a white straw hat and blue smock frock, sat a sturdy, ruddy-faced, healthy man, turning with one hand a winch, which caused the spits beneath him to revolve: in fact, he was the turnspit of St. Patrick's College of Maynooth; and a more contented-looking literary animal I have seldom beheld.

The Vice-President told me that the consumption of the College averages a bullock and sixty sheep per week.

Opposite the fireplaces were several very large caldrons for stews, vegetables, &c. The meals are as follows:—

At nine in the morning the students have breakfast, com-

posed of bread and butter, with tea or cocoa. At three they dine (excepting on Fridays and fast-days, when they are restricted to eggs, puddings or pies, and potatoes) on meat, vegetables, bread, beer, and water. At eight in the evening they have a supper of bread and cocoa.

On descending we came into the hollow square, surrounded on one side by the entrance front, and on the other side by the dormitories I have just described, which occupy on each side three stories of thirty-three windows each. The space included by these buildings is an encircled green lawn, on which are growing very luxuriantly two dark yew-trees.

As a group of students passed us I asked the Vice-President whether they were ever allowed to go into the village? In reply, he told me that on Wednesdays they were permitted to take a walk under the guidance of the Dean; that at Christmas and Easter they had a few days holiday, but remain in the College; that in summer they have fifty-five days' vacation, during which they are supposed to be delivered over to their bishop or parish priest. I asked whether those who remained at Maynooth during the vacation (this summer they amounted to upwards of sixty) were allowed to go out? "Oh, no," he replied; "a student with us is *always* under the inspection of his superior."

"On the 3d of September," he added (I copied his words as he spoke them, and afterwards read them to him to see that they were quite correct), "On the 3d of September commences a 'spiritual retreat.' During the whole of that interval all the Superiors, Professors, and Students observe perfect silence, devoting themselves wholly to religious exercises, and communing only with God. So solemn is the separation from each other and from the world, that they are in the habit of taking leave of each other, by shaking hands and bidding farewell as if going on a long journey;

and when it is over, in like manner, they meet each other as if after a long absence, as though they had not seen each other in the interim."

THE NEW COLLEGE.

At a distance of about one hundred yards from the open end of the lawn on which I was standing with the Vice-President, and which, as I have stated, was bounded on the other three sides by the residence of the Professors and barrack-looking dormitories of the Senior Department, there appeared immediately before us the chaste, simple, and appropriate front of the New College, a plain, solid, handsome building of gray rubble limestone of the best description, with Gothic entrance-gate and windows of white chiselled limestone.

From the builder, who fortunately happened to pass, and who for a few minutes joined us, I learned that the height of the tall slated roof, which is surmounted by four crosses of different sizes, is 45 feet; the height of the tower at each extremity of the building, $61\frac{1}{2}$ feet; to the central cross, 76 feet; height of cross, 4 feet; length of front, 305 feet. The whole building, which is just completed, but which remains to be fitted and furnished, has cost 30,000*l.*, the total of the Parliamentary grant. Like the Old College, it is composed of three sides of a hollow square, of which it is designed that the fourth shall form a chapel, with additional dormitories and halls. The builder told me that his estimate for this extra work was:—

Cost of the building of a chapel and hall,	£20,000
Dormitories and halls adjoining it, . . .	10,000
	<hr/>
Total, . . .	£30,000

For the above no Parliamentary provision has at present been made.

The new college before us was, in front, three stories high, of twenty-seven windows each, with an additional story in the tall slated roof. The arched central entrance-gate was of oak, with massive black hinges. The whole of the three wings, as they at present stand, comprise 215 rooms for students, a library, seven lecture-halls, a refectory, kitchen, and other accommodation; but the fixtures and furniture of the whole have yet to be provided.

On passing with the Vice-President under the great archway, I found immediately on my right and left a very simple and handsome corridor, extending upwards of 1000 feet round the entire of the three sides of the building. From it, on the ground floor, were a series of low, Gothic-arched doors, each communicating with a lofty chimneyless room (for a single student), 20 feet in length by $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth, lighted by a tall Gothic window resembling that of a chapel.

On ascending by a handsome stone staircase to the second story, I found, on each side of a long boarded passage 6 feet broad, a series of similar chimneyless rooms, about 14 feet high, 13 feet long by 11 feet broad; and on the third story a similar passage 230 feet long, with rooms on each side. In the attic chambers, one side of which slope with the roof, the chimneyless rooms are 12 feet long by $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad. In other respects the whole building is very insufficiently ventilated.

It is an extraordinary and almost an unaccountable fact, that in most civilized countries, and especially in England, little or no provision is made to ensure to a human habitation during cold or wet weather, when doors and windows must be closed, that succession of pure air which is necessary for the health, and indeed existence, of animal life. *Dives*, with great ingenuity, provides himself with a good dining-room—

he never forgets *that*,—large sitting-rooms, and spacious bedrooms. He takes care to have entrance-doors, and windows for the admission of light. He contrives a front staircase and a back one—and then by pipes of various sizes he conducts to every passage, and occasionally to every room, fire and water: beneath the whole are constructed subterranean cellars for wine and for coal. When all is completed, he invites his friends to partake of his hospitality, and now, when they are crowded in his splendid drawing-room, or formally seated on opposite sides of a dining-table groaning with the weight of hot meats, where, in the name of Science, I would ask him, are your arrangements for the admission of fresh air, and for the exit of foul?

The real truth is, in his magnificent project he forgot all about breathing, and, accordingly, he not only totally neglected to provide for it, but he approved of a plan which, if it had been accurately carried into effect, would have killed him—his powdered menials—and his guests. For how, I ask, during the feast are they to be provided with air?—Why, not by the perfection, but literally by the imperfections of the builder. The ceiling is, we all know, hermetically sealed by plaster—the floor and walls are equally impervious. The portion of the foul air above the fashionable *low* chimney, by its specific gravity, cannot descend to escape. How, therefore, is it that Dives and his “fat friends” manage to exist? Why, by the admission of pure air which forces itself through numerous crevices around doors that were intended to shut close, and by the exit of foul air that in like manner forces itself between the little chinks of the sash-frames of windows that were fully intended to fit. In short, Dives had folly enough to plan suicide, without wit enough to know how to commit it!

From the dormitories we proceeded to the new, plain; but

sufficiently capacious chapel, containing, as the Vice-President informed me, four altars, "one to the Blessed Virgin, one to St. Patrick, and another to St. Joseph." The name of the fourth he did not mention.

In the refectory—a handsome, capacious dining-room—there is erected a pulpit for the delivery, during dinner-time, of the prayer I have described. The lecture-halls are spacious, and the kitchen admirably constructed and arranged.

We now proceeded to the rear of the New College, where I found a fine, large, park-like, flat plot of ground, bounded on the right by a broad gravel-walk, shaded on each side by trees. In it a number of the students, in their loose black gowns, were slowly strolling. Here the lofty rough-cast wall, which I had repeatedly looked at, that encircles the whole of the 80 acres of the College of Maynooth, appeared suddenly to dwindle into a low, stiff hedge, with rather a broad ditch on the other side; and although I was in earnest conversation with the Vice-President at the moment we passed it, I own that the figure of my best horse suddenly flitted before my eyes as my tongue involuntarily mumbled—

" 'We're off! over bank, bush, and scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth *old* Lochinvar."

The fence, however, I afterwards ascertained, only separated the broad road from a large grass-field bounded by trees, on the other side of which the high, rough-cast, stone wall obdurately pursued its course.

Pointing to a small spot within the wall, but at a considerable distance from us, the Vice-President said, "There is our cemetery;" and, as that was undeniably the end of the subject, he proposed that we should now proceed to the

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Accordingly, passing a small detached, rough-cast, infir-

mary for sick students on our left, we retraced our steps to the entrance-lawn in front of the professors' quarters in the old building, and then, going through an *open* iron gate, we at once entered the precincts of the younger branch of the establishment, composed of a very pretty rectangular lawn, 130 yards long by about 60 broad, bounded on the left by a handsome walk, shaded by fine old trees.

At the further extremity of this lawn, and consequently right before us, was a plain, rough-cast building, three stories high, and with twenty windows in front, which, with a similar building at right angles of exactly the same size, formed the quarters I had come to visit; but as the reader would no doubt be glad to be saved the trouble of accompanying me through them, I will merely state that the chapel, refectory, halls, and dormitories, were arranged as nearly as possible like those in the Senior Department, excepting that they were all on a smaller scale.

After I had gone over the whole of the arrangements, I asked the Vice-President what was the reason of their having *two* establishments? In reply, he told me that in the education of the Catholic priesthood it was found necessary gradually to bring their minds to their sacred calling, and that, after being at the College for some time, it became their own wish to be separated from the society of new-comers; that the latter were, therefore, strictly kept by themselves; that the two sets were on no account ever allowed to hold any communication with each other, but that, after the period for their residence in the Junior establishment had expired, they were moved into the Senior Department, for which, by that time, their minds were fully prepared.

We were retracing our steps along the lawn as the Vice-President gave me this explanation, and as several of the young students were sauntering about it, and as I had ob-

served that the iron gate which separated them from the senior branch was wide open, I said to him, when we came to it, "Do you never close that gate?" "Oh, no," he replied with great gentleness of manner, "our *rule* is our gate."

After passing it he told me that he had now shown me the whole of the establishment; that he had devotional duties to perform which would prevent his remaining longer with me—(I had been with him upwards of three hours)—but that he and the other principals of the College hoped that, as there was no train to Dublin till the evening, I would partake of their homely dinner at four o'clock. "In the mean while," said he, "pray go into our library, or into any part of our buildings or grounds, as you may feel disposed:" and accordingly, telling him that I would avail myself of his very obliging invitation and permission, we separated.

As soon as I was by myself, I strolled first to the large lawn enclosed by the barrack-looking dormitories of the Senior Department, which I perceived were rough-cast with lime and pebble-stones nearly as large as a pigeon's egg, and I was standing on the grass looking at some students, who, in their black College caps and loose flowing gowns, were strolling about, when I heard an explosion, and, casting my eyes towards the direction from which it proceeded, I saw a black mass about the size of a 13-inch shell rise from behind the buildings, pass over their roof, and, after going high into the air, fall heavily on the grass. Two or three workmen happened to be near me, and as they also had watched the parabolic course of the lump, and as the eyes of almost every student had, I believe, been similarly engaged, I said to them, "What's that?" "From the quarry!" they replied, as coolly as if it were quite a common occurrence.

After looking for some time at the several groups of students before me, I walked into one of their large dormitories,

and, resting on one of the window-seats of a long boarded passage communicating with innumerable rooms, I heard in that immediately opposite to me the notes of an accordeon plaintively and well played. I then spoke to several of the students as they passed, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with them, but they were certainly more serious and taciturn than I expected; indeed, more so than I had thought it possible for young persons of their age to be.

In return, two or three times they put to me a question which I also felt slightly embarrassed to answer, for almost invariably, when I observed to them that I had been over the whole of their establishment, they briefly and quickly replied, "And how do you *like* it?" Generally speaking, they appeared to be in the enjoyment of perfect health; many were exceedingly muscular, sturdy, and robust; almost all had clear, ruddy complexions, and yet in the countenances of every one I happened to speak to were to be seen very faintly impressed the unmistakeable lines which, in every country I have ever visited, more or less characterize the lineaments of the Catholic priest. In fact, it was quite evident to me that the system they were pursuing was successfully producing the mental effects for which it has especially been devised.

As I was ruminating on a bench, I observed at my side a small black-covered book, which a student had apparently left there. A portion of it appeared to have been much thumbed, and, the leaves opening of their own accord at that particular spot, I read as follows:—

"Oh! Holy Trinity, one God, have
mercy upon us.
Holy Mary.
Holy Mother of God.
Holy Virgin of Virgins.
Mother of Christ.

Mother of Divine Grace.
Most Pure Mother.
Most Chaste Mother.
Most Undeiled Mother.
Most Amiable Mother.
Most Admirable Mother.

Mother of our Creator.
 Mother of our Redeemer.
 Most Prudent Virgin.
 Most Venerable Virgin.
 Most Renowned Virgin.
 Most Powerful and Most Merciful
 Virgin.
 Most Faithful Virgin.
 Mirror of Justice.
 Seal of Wisdom.
 Cause of our Joy.
 Spiritual Vessel.
 Honourable Vessel.
 Vessel of Singular Devotion.
 Mystical Rose.
 Tower of David.
 Tower of Ivory.
 Tower of Gold.

Ark of the Covenant.
 Gate of Heaven.
 Morning Star.
 Health of the Weak.
 Refuge of Sinners.
 Comfort of the Afflicted.
 Help of Christians.
 Queen of Angels.
 Queen of Patriarchs.
 Queen of Prophets.
 Queen of Apostles.
 Queen of Martyrs.
 Queen of Confessors.
 Queen of Virgins.
 Queen of All Saints.
 O Lamb of God, who takest
 away the sins of the world.
 Spare us, O Lord."

The little volume containing the above prayer was entitled "THE KEY TO HEAVEN."

From the Old I strolled into the New College, which, although finished, was completely empty. For some time as I paced along its lengthy corridor, nothing was to be heard but the faint, worthless reverberation of my own footsteps. I then entered one of the chimneyless rooms on the lower floor, and, closing the door, I could not help saying to myself, "Well, here I am at last, a student of Maynooth!" and after thinking my new profession over for some time, and looking first at my lofty walls and then at the large, tall chapel-window above me, for it was so high from the floor that I could scarcely look out of it, my mind gradually came to the conclusion that the fine new system—by whomsoever it may have been devised—of giving to each student a separate cell, instead of crowding, as in the old building, from 2 to 8 in a room, will materially increase the monastic severity of the

education to which they have hitherto been subjected ; indeed, to deprive them of their room-comrades will, I submit, prove to be the bitterest drop in that cup of ecclesiastical medicine, which, it is said, will cure them of—or rather kill—attachment to the things of this world.

From my cell I wandered into the large green park in rear of the new buildings, and, as I had only seen the College cemetery from a distance, I proceeded across the grass to that spot.

On entering it, I was much surprised to find a very small space of ground, surrounded by an ordinary hedge, and choke full of long rank grass and thistles. There was no cross of any sort or kind ; indeed, all that marked it to be a burying-ground were four flat stones, each resting on four plain pedestals about three feet high. One of these stones was surrounded by iron rails. All were to the memory of great Dons of this College, whose distinctions were detailed at unusual length in Latin. To the graves of the students—three or four only of which could I manage to find out with my feet, so completely were they covered with weeds—there was neither epitaph, stone, cross, or any memorial whatever ; indeed, when I reflected on the apparent omission, I could not but admit, that of the history of a poor student at Maynooth, who has not lived to be a priest, but little more could be written than—“*HERE LIES AN ECCLESIASTICAL FLOWER THAT NEVER BLOOMED.*”

As I stood absorbed in melancholy reflections of this nature, I was aroused from my reverie by the scream of, as it were, a being from another world, a steam-engine, which, with a light train behind it, suddenly flew by within ten yards of the lofty rough-cast wall that environed me. The little legacy of white steam which it left behind hanging in the blue air that rapidly devoured it, forcibly reminded me of a varie-

ty of worldly allurements that, under the influence of the *genius loci*, I had at least for some hours entirely forgotten.

After admiring for some moments the tall, handsome slated roof of the New College, I returned to the old one, which I found completely empty of students. They were at dinner, and on passing the refectory, the windows of which were all wide open, I most distinctly heard, amidst a very faint rattling of knives and forks, &c., the loud sonorous voice of the priest who, during their repast, was reading to them with great emphasis and energy. This unusual combination of sounds however very soon suddenly ceased, and on the door opening a number of the students issued from it and passed close to me. None of them appeared at all flushed, and I am therefore of opinion that their repast, whatever it may have been composed of, had been partaken of by them with great moderation.

They now either assembled in little groups and stood talking, and occasionally laughing to each other, or sat down quietly on some of the many benches which, probably to encourage meditation, were scattered about the grounds. Hanging from one of the windows of their dormitories I observed a yellow cage containing a starling.

As it was now on the point of four o'clock I returned to the Professors' Department, and, obtaining there the little I wanted for the arrangement of my toilette after so long a stroll, I entered the small reception-room, where, by the Vice-President, I was introduced successively to his colleagues—the Principals of the College. I need hardly say that in appearance and in reality they were exceedingly clever-looking men, and the usual preliminary formalities of society were scarcely over, when the door of the dining-room was thrown open, and we all took our seats at an oblong table, at the head of which was, of course, the Vice-President. Our din-

ner was exactly what it had been described to me, plain, simple, and homely. It consisted of a large joint of mutton, a great dish-full of fowls, ham, and vegetables of various sorts. We had then one immense fruit pie, with cheese, butter, and a slight desert. The wine consisted of super-excellent port and sherry; and as soon as the cloth was removed, a large jug of hot water, a couple of small decanters of whiskey, a bowl of white sugar, and a tray of tumblers, each containing a little ladle, were successively placed on the table.

The Vice-President drank nothing but water, and also opposite to me sat a Dean, who told me that for many years he had only enjoyed the same beverage.

For a short time we continued a conversation which I believe I may confess I once or twice happened to bring very nearly to the hostile confines of a general laugh. Its character was, however, generally speaking, consistent with the locality, grave, sober, and intelligent. In about twenty minutes we all arose, and, as I had then an opportunity of conversing again with the Vice-President, I asked him to be so good as to finish the information he had given me by telling me the way in which the students spent the day. He replied as follows:—

“They rise ordinarily at six. (In May and June at five.)

From	6	to	6½	Dressing.
“	6½	“	7	Prayer.
“	7	“	8½	Study.
“	8½	“	9	Mass
“	9	“	9½	Breakfast.
“	9½	“	10	Recreation.
“	10	“	10½	Study.
“	10½	“	11½	Class.
“	11½	“	12	Recreation.
“	12	“	2	Study.
“	2	“	3	Class.

From	3	to	3.40	Dinner.
"	3.40	"	5	Recreation.
"	5	"	6.45	Study.
"	6.45	"	7	Recreation.
"	7	"	8	Study.
"	8 to about		8.12	Supper.
"	8.12 to		9	Recreation.
"	9	"	9½	Night Prayer.
Lights extinguished at 10."				

I then observed to him that I was glad I had visited compartment A of the Library, as people in England were usually of opinion that Roman Catholics did not read the Bible.

He replied in the following words, which I read to him from my note-book to ascertain—as I told him—that I had correctly copied them from his mouth.

"It is a rule of our Establishment," said he, "that every young man at entrance should be provided with a copy of the Bible, for his own individual use; and so solicitous are we for the observance of this rule, that our Procurator purchases a number of Bibles, one of which is handed by him to each student, immediately after his accession, if he has not already a Bible in his possession."

"But," said I, "do you not alter or suppress some portions of the Bible?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "we admit *more* books of Scripture than most Protestants."

"And," said I to myself, "if the Procurator of the College of Maynooth actually purchases a Bible, and *hands* it to every candidate for the Roman Catholic priesthood; and moreover, if Catholics admit more books of Scripture than most Protestants; what possible excuse can the Commissioners of Public Instruction in Dublin offer to God, or man, for virtually excluding the said Bible, throughout Christian

Ireland, from the education of the Catholic and Protestant youth of both sexes?"

I then stated that, as I had truly told him on my arrival, it was not for theological information I had come to visit his college. "But," said I, "as I feel a great interest in the welfare of Ireland, may I ask you what is the real cause of the schism which so unfortunately exists between the Roman Catholic priesthood and the Protestants, or, in other words, what is it that the Roman Catholic priesthood desire?"

He replied, "As you ask me plainly, I will tell you frankly." After, however, he had done so, and after I had, as he pronounced his sentences, written them in my book, he added, "On reflection I should not desire to make *public* my opinions on a political subject with which it is not my province to interfere;" and accordingly I instantly drew my pencil through the lines I had written, which of course I shall never feel myself at liberty to repeat.

Having now obtained as much information of the College of Maynooth as, for the general object I had in view, I desired, I took leave of the Vice-President, to whose polite attentions I have so much reason to be indebted; and as the time for the departure of the train had not quite arrived, I determined to loiter about the village.

On passing out of the iron gates of the College I heard a shrill, sudden exclamation, and instantly saw, by-a regular Irish grin on the faces of four or five bystanders, that I was in the immediate region of a joke, occasioned by one of the labourers of the College, who it appears had often in vain warned old women not to sit in the ditch beneath, having just dropped between the collegiate wall and an aged culprit a very small paper of gunpowder, which had that very instant exploded. The poor old creature, whose face was yellow from fright, and who apparently had not the most distant

idea of what had befallen her, had one shrivelled hand on her heart, while with the other she supported her chin as she violently panted, and yet, the more she panted, the wider did every one around her grin.

The village before me, from its breadth of street and from the light colour of the low houses that composed it, had rather a picturesque and pleasing appearance. On analyzing it, however, I was really astonished to find human beings living in dirt which might be so easily removed. Several of the habitations, although the walls were substantially built of stone, were mere cabins, of such dark interior that I did not feel much disposed to enter them. Into the door of one I saw a wrinkled old woman, with a long stick in her hand, drive an enormous large fat sow, who with one slight twist in her tail waddled with as much calm dignity into the mansion as if she herself had built it.

At some distance from the sow, in the middle of the street, I observed a small crowd, and, on reaching it, instantly perceived that I was again in the immediate presence of some very good joke.

A short, half-fed man, hatless, and in rags and tatters, was, with extraordinary gravity, telling stories, every other line of which appeared to convulse the faces of his hearers: indeed, such a grinning circle of odd faces could, I believe, hardly be met with out of Ireland.

The portion of the story I happened to listen to was delivered, with a strong comic brogue, as follows:—

“Last night six weeks ago I received a letter of an auld hag’s death. I’ve been so overjoyed by the sad news that I took a sma’ fit of running with my two shin-bones in my porcket, and my head under my arum, til I ran at the rate of 16 miles an hour. I met with Jack Jervis, an auld hackney couchman, driving fifteen flying jackasses under an empty stame-coach that was loaded with two roasted mill-stones and a

74 man-o'-war vessel with 18 artillery granny-deers and 12 big-book magpies. They were drinking tay until they were ready to bust wi' the hunger. I asked Jack Jervis had he any account o' the shower of auld hags that fell not long ago! He tould me divil the account he had o' them, but John Manx had all kind of 'count about um, and that he lives on one side of the Three Flying Jackasses up and down the street where a mad dog bit a hatchet and pigs rastling for stirabout. I niver stopped till I crashed into a sma' village twice the size of Dublin, when I met an auld man roulng away wi' a stack of chimneys on his back. He didn't go very far until he had taken a horn-colic in his big toe, and a tooth-ache in his shin-boune, and a head-ache in the back of his bellie. I hired an impty stame-coach to take hum to apothicary's shop, where I called for a physie for hum, when I got 16 quarts of bees basted, 19 pounds of frog's butter, and 21 gallons of Kirogue's kidneya. Well! I had um all biled in an auld iron leather pot, and conveyed hum to a lock-up 'orspital, where he had been thirteen days and nights coughing, and after that he was safely delivur'd of an auld blacksmith's anvil, 42 pounds"——

At this point of the story, which appeared to be endless, I left the group, and indeed, had only just time to walk to the station, when the train came up, and from the college and village of Maynooth carried me safely back to Dublin.

DUBLIN POLICE.

AS I was anxious, during my short visit, to observe, as accurately as I could, the Irish character in the various phases in which it is to be seen, I obtained permission to inspect the Dublin Metropolitan Police Force, composed of 103 sergeants, 12 detectives, 954 constables, and 20 supernumeraries, making a total of 1099, whose weekly pay is as follows:—

	s.	d.
Sergeants and detectives,	21	0
Constables, First class,	16	9
" Second class,	15	0
" Third class,	11	6
Supernumeraries,	7	0

A candidate for admission must be under 26 years of age, must be able to read and write, and, moreover, must be in height 5 feet 9 inches, without his shoes.

The whole force average in height 5 feet 11 inches, and they are thus in reality, as they are in appearance, an army of grenadiers, of which the B division, composed of 190, are all 6 feet and upwards. Among the constables there is only one old soldier and one lawyer. There is scarcely a Dublin man among them, the Commissioners preferring to enlist country people from all parts of Ireland, without making any inquiry as to their religion.

The conditions upon which they are enlisted are, that they shall not belong to any secret or political society, and that they shall abstain from the expression of any political or religious opinion in any manner calculated to give offence. To these simple, sensible regulations they at once cheerfully and rigidly conform; and thus, while the whole of Ireland is convulsed with religious animosities, which generations of British statesmen have declared, and still declare, to be implacable, the Dublin Metropolitan Police, composed of Catholics and Protestants, picked up from all parts of Ireland, not only among themselves live in perfect amity, but at a moment's notice, at the sound of a rattle or of a whistle, fraternally join together to collar, handcuff, and, if absolutely necessary, to fell senseless to the ground, any person or persons who, from religious, political, or any other alleged motives, shall presume to disturb the public peace.

In this sacred duty, and in attaining this noble triumph, no less than seventy of them, during the last twelve months, were grievously and severely wounded; and yet, is it not strange that, while the Dublin Police Force so clearly sees that by amity and silent unanimity they can beneficently preserve the peace of their metropolis, "another place" ever has been, and is, an arena in which the pronunciation of the very name of Ireland produces acerbity and contention? In fact, there can exist no doubt whatever that if, on the one hand, the members of "the House" alluded to were to be made constables of the Dublin Police, they would, by endless speeches, create infinitely more disturbance than they would allay, and that, on the other hand, if Lieut.-Colonel George Brown, and his Catholic and Protestant constables, were, for a single session, to be granted an opportunity of legislating from St. Stephen's for Ireland, they would, with perfect una-

nimity, by silent firmness, laconically impart peace, happiness, and prosperity to the land.

There are sixteen station-houses in Dublin, with a clock in each, by the assistance of which, at the same instant, sixteen reliefs are thrown out over a surface of forty-four square miles. The whole is governed by two Commissioners, one civil, the other military, whose office is in the Castle.

In the police store, within its precincts, I found a number of trophies that had been obtained by the force. Among them was the tricolour flag given by certain Paris ladies of easy political virtue to Mr. Meagher, and captured in the summer of 1848; a black flag, with the harp of Ireland in white; another black flag, tastefully ornamented with the words "Famine and Pestilence;" pikes of various sorts, for cutting bridles, maiming horses, spitting Protestants, &c., &c.; lastly, a human skull, which, during the State trials in 1848, had been hung on the knocker of Mr. Kemis, the Crown Solicitor, as a reminder.

I also observed a lot of very efficient extra weapons, in case the police truncheons should prove insufficient, consisting of swords, ship cutlasses with iron handles, and lastly, as the strongest dose in the Dublin police pharmacopoeia, short detonating muskets with brown barrels.

In the clothing store I found piled in masses great-coats, coats, trowsers, and oil-skin capes, with a quantity of mattresses, stuffed with cocoa-nut fibre.

From the Castle, the residence of Vice-Royalty, Colonel Brown was good enough to accompany me to the "Old Bishop's Palace," now the principal establishment of the Police, consisting of a plot of ground and buildings surrounded by a high wall.

In one stable, as clean, and, I may add, as smart as a London livery stable, I found twenty capital, well-bred horses,

belonging to the mounted force, every man of which is well trained to the use of the bright arms he wears.

The sets of harness belonging to four large vans in which, as in London, prisoners are conveyed to the Police Courts, and from thence to the jails, were as highly polished and burnished as if they had belonged to a gentleman's carriage.

On entering the largest of the buildings I found a school for recruits, in which they improve their writing, and also learn by heart a "Catechism," in which is very clearly expounded to them that the duty they owe to their neighbour is to conduct him quietly to the nearest station whenever he is disorderly—carry him there when he happens to be unable to stand—force him there whenever he resists—and handcuff him whenever he is what is professionally termed "violent."

From the school I proceeded to a room where I found twenty fine, good-looking, powerful country lads, with large, white teeth and clean, ruddy faces, seated with a dinner before them, and with heaps of potatoes which certainly appeared to me altogether enough to choke them. But they were not only learning to eat a good meal, but how to eat it in clean clothes, with a clean knife and fork, off a clean tablecloth; in short, with a probationary pay of a shilling a day, they were undergoing the agreeable process of being introduced to a new system of life, in which they were not only to display good behaviour, but, like Falstaff's wit, to be the cause of good behaviour in others.

Here, again, the members of the two religions were intermingled in most happy communion, and, as one large, mealy potato after another disappeared, it was utterly impossible for the keenest observer even to guess whether they had been devoured before his eyes by a Protestant or by a Catholic; indeed, so easily are these recruits made to harmonize together on this point, that on Friday they, as well as the whole

of the Police force, often comfortably dine together on fish; in short, the prejudices which great statesmen fancy to be insuperable, *they* readily annihilate by mastication.

The bed rooms were lofty, airy, with floors as clean as women's hands could make them: in fact, it is by the hands of old women, hired by the force, that they are cleaned. After going through several, we came to those in which a hundred men who had been on night-duty were lying, with nearly closed shutters, fast asleep.

On opening these doors and standing for a few seconds at the threshold, I beheld before me, in twilight, under bed-clothes, a series of large lumps of men, all apparently more or less exhausted by fatigue. Here and there a very great eye would open—stare a little—gradually become fishy—and then close. Occasionally a pair would unequally open, until the owner of one set, as if half aghast, actually raised his huge head from his pillow. Not wishing to disturb the poor fellow, I instantly slowly retired backwards, leaving him to recite to his comrades in the morning, that he had dreamt he had distinctly seen "the Colonel" gazing at him, accompanied by an inquisitive stranger, who appeared to be taking his picture.

In a very neat small room I visited a first class sergeant, who, besides possessing a wife and daughter of very pleasing appearance, has a couple of hundred pounds in the savings-bank. On his table I observed a large bible, and as the good book, I felt sure, had had somewhat to do with the sum that had been saved, I ascertained on inquiry that the Protestant members of the Dublin Police have in savings-banks no less a sum than 20,000*l*.

As in the Constabulary, no married man is admitted into the corps; nor is any member of it afterwards allowed to marry unless he is the possessor of 40*l*; the first thing, there-

fore, that Cupid has to teach a Dublin policeman is to put by a sixpence,—to repeat the operation sixteen hundred times, and *then* apply for his license.

To the force is attached a fire brigade, with a magnificent engine, under the especial direction of an acting sergeant, fourteen firemen, (from the mounted police,) and twenty of the recruits who work the pumps.

At one of the police-stations, in Chancery-lane, a narrow, crooked, old-fashioned street, in olden times the official residence of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and other crown lawyers, I visited the lock-up houses, in which I found only one tenant, a respectably dressed man, well known to Col. Brown, who had unfortunately happened to become so intoxicated that he could with difficulty articulate an explanation, which, as it slowly came out of his mouth, was apparently thicker than his whole body. Adjoining him in a corner of the yard reposed a hand-stretcher, with a canvass bottom, for the purpose of bringing to the station any one who,—without metaphor—might be found in the streets dead-drunk.

I learned, on inquiry, that drunken men assist not a little in removing from the police any hostile feelings among each other on the score of religion; for as in their madness these delinquents attack Catholics and Protestants with equal violence, the parties assailed are absolutely forced to join together for mutual self-defence, and thus vicious habits and brutal conduct are productive, under Providence, of beneficial results.

As I had now gone through all the district and barrack details, I had only to witness the force, or rather a large portion of it, that had been drawn up for inspection in that large hollow quadrangle in the interior of the Castle, in the centre of which there stands, guarded by a sentinel always pacing up and down beside it, the British flag, affixed not to a lofty, but to an ordinary hand-staff.

This powerful body of tall men, who appear to be considerably stouter than the slight active members of the constabulary, were dressed as nearly as possible like their brothers in London; that is to say, they had black hats, covered at top with black patent leather—whalebone side-guards covered with the same; blue coats with silver buttons, hard black stocks, blue trowsers, black leather waist-belt, white gloves, and boots. The only trifling difference, as I could observe, was, that the figures and letters distinguishing the division and number of each policeman are in Dublin in silver, instead of, as in London, in white cotton.

In appearance they are clean, and well set up; and as they marched and countermarched about the square of old-fashioned buildings that environed us, their heavy tread unequivocally explained their momentum or physical force.

MY TOUR.

FIRST DAY.

DURING the few days I was in Dublin, I perceived that it was not only agreed upon by every body I had the happiness to converse with, that I ought to make a tour in Ireland, but every body was obliging enough to tell me exactly where I ought to proceed. "You must go to *Cork*," said one; "*Belfast* is the place that you should visit," said another. All said, "*Of course* you'll go to **KLLARNEY**!" After gratefully thanking every body for their kind endeavours to steer a compassless and rudderless bark into its proper harbour, I asked—as it were quite incidentally—in what part of Ireland was to be seen the greatest amount of poverty and misery; and as almost every body, in reply, named the counties of Mayo and Galway, in the secret chamber of my mind I quietly determined that, without saying a word to any one, I would make my tour in that direction. Every body was so obliging, that I believe that I could have obtained a sackful of letters of introduction, and, like a postman, could have spent the whole of my time in delivering them. On reflection, however, I considered that, instead of going to strange people, who would often encumber me with help, the best mode of summarily obtaining the simple information I desired, would be to get an order to the constabulary, who, throughout

Ireland, are ubiquitous. I conceived that this highly intelligent body of men would of course be intimately acquainted, not only with their respective localities, but with the persons within them best competent to instruct me. Lastly, it was evident that an order addressed to the constabulary would also, on production, be a pass into any jails or workhouses I might desire to visit.

Accordingly, the evening before my departure, without mentioning my route, I obtained what proved to be of inestimable assistance to me—namely, a general firman, from the chief constabulary office in Dublin, directing the force to afford me “all possible information and assistance.”

With this in my pocket, and with a small carpet-bag by my side, I drove early next morning to the railway station, and, after paying for my ticket, took possession of a first-class coupé, which I knew I should have entirely to myself.

For nearly an hour, in beautiful sunshine, I flew across a verdant country, nearly as flat as Hounslow, intersected by low hedges into small fields, in which were standing large cocks of hay, corn in sheaves, and here and there poppies, thistles, with yellow, white, and red weeds, which, as true children of Nature, appeared to be enjoying themselves wherever they could steal an opportunity. In the picture, which now became more undulating, I observed a few small woods, some stone walls, and, scantily dotted about, a few low stone cottages thatched—some dilapidated, others milk-white.

The country seemed to be troubled neither with towns nor cities. The railway fence was often nothing but a slight ditch bounded by a couple of stout wires running through slight posts, about two feet high.

The coupé was so large and so high, that with the greatest ease I could pace from one side to another with my hat on; and then, resuming my seat, it was really quite delightful to

find oneself in a quiet study with large plate-glass windows, contemplating, not little bits of painted canvass, but Ireland itself, passing in review, with growing crops, living cows, sheep, goats, and horses grazing, swine rooting, an Irish lamb gambolling, and in its immediate neighbourhood, lying on the green bank, an Irish child, the loveliest ornament of the soil on which it slept. Suddenly, from the most beautiful verdure, we passed through a large, dark level, looking as if it had been convulsed by an earthquake that had just rudely thrown up a substratum to the surface. Among it, here and there, were to be seen women and a few men, staking peat into tumuli of various picturesque shapes. The barren bog, however, suddenly changed into heather in bloom, in which occasionally appeared heaps of peat; and thus for some time flowers and fuel were to be seen in juxtaposition, in a beautiful variety of different proportions.

In about forty miles the fences of the country changed into banks protected by single or double ditches. The railway on which I travelled appeared to have been admirably executed. On one of its sides, indolently hanging in the air, were two wires, ready for electrical communication on any subject.

On stopping for a few minutes to allow our hot engine to drink, I observed, ranged along and resting upon the coping of a railway bridge, scarcely twenty yards from us, a series of Irish faces, of various ages and of both sexes, which would have formed an amusing as well as interesting study for any artist.

At fifty miles from Dublin we came to Mullingar, the centre and the principal town of the county of Westmeath. It appeared to contain a substantial jail surrounded by high walls, a court-house, extensive barracks, a handsome Roman Catholic chapel on an elevated site, a nunnery, a union work-

house, and a variety of other civilized comforts and luxuries. About two miles to the south lies Lough Ennell, a shining patch of water between four and five miles long, and about one and a half broad.

The station was exceedingly clean; and when we left it, and an erect, intelligent, well-dressed station-man, who at about half a mile from it, in a well-appointed uniform, appeared standing on the green bank, motionless as a statue, I could not help feeling that his outstretched arm not only showed us the way we were to go, but, morally speaking, demonstrated most indisputably the facility with which a railway, wherever it goes, establishes habits of order, discipline, and cleanliness, which have been declared to be impossible to inculcate.

After flying across a capital stone-wall-hunting country, in which I observed at work a number of very well-dressed men in clean shirts, (it was Monday,) healthy children, and women whose bare red legs appeared for some reason or other to have a propensity to whiten in proportion to their distance from the earth, and a quantity of black cattle, I began to examine the little chamber in which I was receiving so much placid enjoyment.

My attention to it was first attracted by an unusual-looking object immediately before me, which proved to be a blue cloth covered table, suspended at a convenient level by a pair of small hinges, which enabled me, with the assistance of a small contrivance beneath, to raise and fix it.

I next discovered a sliding-door, by which the coupé could be divided into two chambers; and on continuing my search, I observed several trifling indications of another hidden luxury, which, on unbuttoning a hasp, proved, to my great astonishment, to be two comfortable double beds and hair mattresses, in which two couples, closing the intermediate door, might

separately sleep as comfortably and as innocently as if they were at home.

At seventy-eight miles from Dublin the train stopped at a large gray town, divided apparently into about equal halves by the Shannon, which was rushing through it with considerable violence. It was Athlone, the most important town between Dublin and Galway ; indeed, not only is it about half way between the Irish Channel and the Atlantic, but as nearly as possible in the very centre of Ireland, the river forming the boundaries of the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon, and, of course, of Leinster and Connaught ; moreover, by the subdivision of the water, one-half of the town is in the one county, and the opposite one in the other.

At this central point I had determined to leave the train ; and accordingly, descending from my coupé, I found myself in one moment in the centre of a great crowd of clean, well-dressed people, some, like myself, just arrived, others just departing. There were also a considerable number of spectators ; among whom, worming their way with trunks, bags, boxes, and handboxes, on their shoulders, in their arms, and pendent in their hands, were to be seen several men, dressed in blue, with yellow worsted lace—railway porters—employed in transporting luggage either to or from the train. Calmly observing this grand scene of only apparent confusion stood the station-master, distinguished by a blue embroidered collar.

I would fain have stopped a moment to have admired the beautiful bridge and castle of Athlone, but I was in a stream of human beings, and had only to follow it ; no sooner, however, was I outside the station-gate than my carpet-bag was a signal for boys to assail me in all directions. Philosophically speaking, I could only give it to one ; and having done so, I expected I should have been deserted by the rest, but three or four honest-looking lads kept following me as if they con-

sidered I was about to produce another carpet-bag. "Will you pick the marn's pockut?" exclaimed one of them, by way of reproof, to his comrade, who appeared from his propinquity to be the successful candidate.

At a short distance I found a public car with three horses, that had been waiting for the train, and was about to start for Tuam; accordingly, depositing my bag on it, I told the driver I would walk on. After proceeding about one hundred yards, on coming to a turning I said to an old woman as I passed her, "Is this the road to Tuam?" "Oh, yus!" she replied; adding, with an arch smile, "it will be, when you're *there*."

When the car overtook me, there were seated on each side of it two or three well-dressed people, one of whom with his right hand made a slight beckoning sign to me. I, however, scrambled up to the driver, and although there was scarcely room for us both, and although the iron rail pressed very hard against my left thigh, I consoled myself with the reflection that I was probably the only person travelling through Ireland who was not taking a one-sided view of the country, and of the manners, social, moral, religious, and political, of its inhabitants. Whoever could have invented the art not only of journeying and of thinking elbow foremost, but of sitting for hours together back to back with fellow-creatures with whom it may be desirable to converse, I am totally unable to conceive. The fellow, whoever it was, grievously annoyed me the whole of the short time I was in Ireland. His invention was to my eyes what the sound of setting a saw is to my ears.

My Siamese companion—for we were literally one flesh—was a strong, healthy, bony (of *that* I am quite sure) man of about fifty-five years of age, with an intelligent, pleasing, and yet very serious countenance. We had scarcely proceeded two hundred yards when a fine, rosy-faced boy with naked feet

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After talking with my companion about the state of the crops and the state of the country, I observed it was a great pity that there should exist in Ireland so much unkindness of feeling on account of religion. "That's all!" he replied, "it's jist difference in religion that's ruining us all. A marn should be allowed to remain in the religion of his farthur. I remain in the religion of my grandfarthur, and ought not to be interfared with. I live under the blissing of Almighty God. Praise be to his holy name!" Looking upwards with apparently real devotion, he added, "The Almighty God can relave men of a' religions." "A fine country this!" I observed, pointing to the crops on each side of me. "That's," he said, "because we have here the best landlord in a' Ireland—in a' *the world*, I may say," giving the near-wheel horse rather a sharp cut with his whip. He then proceeded to detail to me various instances of the consideration and kindness of the individual he had praised, during which we met a fine-looking, bare-footed woman, carrying in her hand a large black tea-kettle, on the nozzle of which she had stuck a raw potato to prevent the contents from jolting out. "What is she carrying?" said I. "Milk," he replied.

We now trotted close by a large establishment—at a glance I knew it to be a workhouse—composed of two triple rows of buildings, evidently well ventilated, the whole surrounded by a high wall. As many years ago I had served in the Poor Law Commission, I was well aware of its importance and of

its necessity, and yet it looked so infinitely larger than any other habitation I had seen, that I could not repress a sigh as I passed it. At the adjoining village we stopped to take up a very ruddy, stout priest, with a newspaper in his hand.

The country, which had now become poor, bleak, and very miserably cultivated, was imperfectly enclosed by dilapidated walls, some of stone, others of earth; it shortly afterwards appeared to recover from its sickness, and its surface was more or less diversified with woods.

On arriving at the town of Ballinasloe we found a good hot dinner awaiting us. "Had you not better sit on the car?" said the gentleman who had already invited me to do so. "You must surely find it very exposed up there with the driver!" My kind Mentor was apparently not all aware that his Irish brains for the last two hours had been moving wrong side foremost: they were, however, no doubt quite accustomed to it.

Close to Ballinasloe is a house of six windows in front, which had belonged to one of the race of landlords who have lately been ruined. His residence is now a constabulary barrack. Adjoining we passed a little stream called the Suck, not a yard broad, dividing the counties of Roscommon and Galway, the latter of which we now entered, and here almost immediately I first met with that afflicting spectacle, or rather spectre, that almost without intermission haunted me through the whole remainder of my tour, namely, stout stone-built cabins unroofed for the purpose of evicting therefrom their insolvent tenants.

The country we passed had also suffered from cholera. "I'd a beautiful girl," said the driver to me, "and I buried her. Praise be to God!"

From his daughter he began talking about Irish women,

and, on my saying I had heard that their conduct, generally speaking, was remarkably correct, he said, with an energy which invariably affected his whip, "In this counthry a young woman has nothing to live on but her character; if you take *that* from her ut's the cause of murthur! Her male friends look upon it as murthur. There's no difference. In Ireland," he added, "if a girl goes wrong, her parints turn her out o' the house; her relations discard her; her associates, and the houl of her village, refuse her even food; she is, in fact, . . . abandoned."

We were now in a country divided by stone walls so ingeniously balanced and so slightly put together, that, as the light shone through their interstices, they had often the appearance of network; indeed, a good hurricane or Pampero would level the whole of them to the ground. On each side, as we trotted along, were to be seen unroofed cabins; and although the children we passed were generally healthy and always merry, yet we often met grown-up men and women on whose countenances there was indelibly imprinted the word "FAMINE." The affliction of 1848 had passed: their sufferings had ceased; they were now no longer in want of food, but their system had never recovered from the pressure to which it had been subjected; the ravages left behind were very striking, and perhaps the more so from those who had been afflicted being apparently perfectly unconscious of their existence. By the side of the road were enormous heaps of useless road-metal, which, by means of the Parliamentary grant, had been broken by the poor sufferers, many of whom had died at the job. "You work hard at um," said the old driver, pointing to the cracked stones, "from morning till night, and no thanks coming on top o' ye!"

But from the stones, my mind reverted to the melancholy subject of the famine.

"Hundreds of patients," said a distinguished physician to me, "were brought into our Dublin hospital starving. A mutton-chop, or a glass of porter, would have been to them like the shot of a pistol. We were obliged to nourish them gradually; homœopathically. In the space of a fortnight the stomach recovered its tone, and we were rejoicing at the result, when, by a sort of explosion, they died of typhus!"

On approaching the town of Tuam, pronounced by every body as "Tume," the country becomes richer and better cultivated.

Tuam is not only the principal town of its district, but has lately become one of the most thriving in Connaught. With a number of fine buildings it, however, contains several very wretched streets and much poverty. Indeed, as we changed horses, we were surrounded by a set of men and boys through whose clothes little bits of skin were here and there peeping, like the white meal of over-boiled potatoes.

On leaving Tuam the country became again bleak, flat, and desolate, with now and then cultivated parts of some beauty, which gradually increased, until, passing through and between some park-like grounds, we at last arrived at Hollymount, a regular posting-stage between Tuam and Castlebar, also where roads branch off to Clare and Ballinrobe. I here took leave of my intelligent companion, and of what I infinitely less regretted, the iron-bound seat in which for so many hours I had been tightly ensconced.

A branch public car was shortly to convey me to Ballinrobe; in the mean while I walked to the station of the constabulary. At its door I found one of the force on duty, exactly as clean and as well appointed as those I had seen on their parade in the Phoenix Park. On producing my order the head-constable received me with great civility, and at once accompanied me through the house, or, as it is not im-

properly termed, the barrack. In the principal bedroom were five iron turn-up bedsteads; on each was a straw mattress, upon which the sheets and blankets of the owner were neatly wrapped in a reddish counterpane, the folds of all five being so neatly arranged that the different-coloured articles altogether resembled a section of what is commonly called a rolly-poly or blanket pudding. On a shelf were arranged the men's caps and great-coats. The deal table in the middle of the chamber, as also the floor, were as clean as hands, soap, sand, and water, could make them. The windows were open, and, above all, the constable and his six men were dressed with as much precision as if they had just prepared themselves for parade. Their uniform was well brushed, boots well blacked, jackets buttoned from the waist to the windpipe; their arms and accoutrements clean and neatly arranged. On conversing with the head-constable, a slight, exceedingly intelligent man, he told me that, in consequence of the evictions, a number of people had emigrated and were still emigrating; and yet that for the harvest and for the drainage of the river Robe there had been throughout the whole season, and there still was, a scarcity of labourers, so much so that it had been necessary to import them from the adjoining county of Galway.

On my return to the inn I found the public car just starting, and accordingly taking a side seat on it—for the driver's box was a "sulky"—we proceeded for five miles and a half through a country divided by crooked stone walls into innumerable little fields, until on approaching the small town of Ballinrobe I observed a sudden and most remarkable difference; for instead of unroofed houses and frail stone-wall boundaries, I saw before me a considerable expanse of land well cultivated, covered with green and cereal crops, and divided by substantial straight walls into large square or rect-

angular fields. On inquiry I found that this change had been effected by Lord Lucan.

On arriving at the town of Ballinrobe, at which I had intended to sleep, I went, although the sun was on the horizon, to the workhouse, an enormous building, which had contained, in January, 1850, 4400 inmates.

“ 1851, 3400 “

“ 1852, 1660 “

and which now contained—boys over fifteen and able-bodied men, 101; ditto females, 255; infirm of all classes, 24; boys below fifteen years of age, 194; girls ditto, 295; infants, 20; sick, 106. Total, 995.

I found scarcely an able-bodied man in the house, although several had been booked as such, simply because they were not absolutely infirm. The women were evidently of the humblest class; and yet I did not see among them a countenance that appeared to acknowledge to any fault but extreme poverty. They, as well as the whole of the inmates, were, as compared with the ordinary workhouse garb in England, very poorly clad. The boys had just gone to bed; but as I felt anxious to see all, I walked through several large rooms full of them. On the word “*Sit up!*” they all, two in a bed, as if from their graves, obeyed the order; and though often bordering on a state of nudity, they certainly appeared—as Irish boys always are—cheerful, and sometimes even merry. As fast as I passed them they reclined backwards to lay their heads on their straw pillows.

The principal portion of the children of both sexes have almost all been reared in the workhouse, which they never are allowed to leave unless accompanied by an officer. The dietary of the establishment I found consisted of—for adults, Indian meal and buttermilk for breakfast; wheat-meal and oat-meal gruel, with vegetables, for dinner, at four o'clock.

They have no supper, and their cellar is the pump. Some of the young children are allowed "sweet" milk and white bread. The floors of the house are washed every morning, and are, besides, scalded and scrubbed three times a week. The walls of the dormitories are whitewashed every six weeks; the kitchen and laundry once a week. The whole premises stand on six acres of ground.

On conversing with the master, I ascertained from him that Lord Lucan's evictions have ceased, but that Lord Erne evicted on Saturday last; I also learned that, while on his new farm, Lord Lucan is now paying his men 10*d.* a day: the average wages elsewhere are 6*d.*, and occasionally 8*d.* He told me that several who had been evicted by Lord Lucan, and who were now employed on his cleared land, had told him (the master) that they were better off than before: adding, that in appearance many were decidedly cleaner.

From the workhouse I went with my firman to the police station, where I found seven sub-constables, exactly as well dressed, and in a building as clean, as at the barrack at Hollymount, already described. A steel sword-scabbard which, among a variety of accoutrements, hung on the wall, was as resplendently bright as polished silver. I asked the sub-inspector whether there was much crime in his district. He replied, "We have really no crime at all. In six months there have been four cases of cattle-stealing, principally by strangers. The poor people here are particularly honest; do not steal even a potato." I asked him to describe to me the process of eviction. With extreme intelligence of countenance he replied verbatim as follows:—"Under her Majesty's writ of Habere, or an injunction from the Commissioners of the Encumbered Estate Court, the sheriff forwards to the sub-inspector of the constabulary force a written requisition, never exceeding (here at Ballinrobe) a constable and six sub-

sidered I was about to produce another carpet-bag. "Will you pick the marn's pockut?" exclaimed one of them, by way of reproof, to his comrade, who appeared from his propinquity to be the successful candidate.

At a short distance I found a public car with three horses, that had been waiting for the train, and was about to start for Tuam; accordingly, depositing my bag on it, I told the driver I would walk on. After proceeding about one hundred yards, on coming to a turning I said to an old woman as I passed her, "Is this the road to Tuam?" "Oh, yus!" she replied; adding, with an arch smile, "it will be, when you're *there*."

When the car overtook me, there were seated on each side of it two or three well-dressed people, one of whom with his right hand made a slight beckoning sign to me. I, however, scrambled up to the driver, and although there was scarcely room for us both, and although the iron rail pressed very hard against my left thigh, I consoled myself with the reflection that I was probably the only person travelling through Ireland who was not taking a one-sided view of the country, and of the manners, social, moral, religious, and political, of its inhabitants. Whoever could have invented the art not only of journeying and of thinking elbow foremost, but of sitting for hours together back to back with fellow-creatures with whom it may be desirable to converse, I am totally unable to conceive. The fellow, whoever it was, grievously annoyed me the whole of the short time I was in Ireland. His invention was to my eyes what the sound of setting a saw is to my ears.

My Siamese companion—for we were literally one flesh—was a strong, healthy, bony (of *that* I am quite sure) man of about fifty-five years of age, with an intelligent, pleasing, and yet very serious countenance. We had scarcely proceeded two hundred yards when a fine, rosy-faced boy with naked feet

came running towards us to beg of me. My friend—for such he had dubbed himself the instant I sat beside him—made a furious pretended attempt to strike the suppliant across the face with his whip, but the little fellow, without raising a hand, and with a confidence that would have disarmed any body, beautifully smiled at him, although he was quite within reach of the lash.

After talking with my companion about the state of the crops and the state of the country, I observed it was a great pity that there should exist in Ireland so much unkindness of feeling on account of religion. "That's all!" he replied, "it's jist difference in religion that's ruining us all. A marn should be allowed to remain in the religion of his farthur. I remain in the religion of my grandfarthur, and ought not to be interfared with. I live under the blissing of Almighty God. Praise be to his holy name!" Looking upwards with apparently real devotion, he added, "The Almighty God can relave men of a' religions." "A fine country this!" I observed, pointing to the crops on each side of me. "That's," he said, "because we have here the best landlord in a' Ireland—in a' *the world*, I may say," giving the near-wheel horse rather a sharp cut with his whip. He then proceeded to detail to me various instances of the consideration and kindness of the individual he had praised, during which we met a fine-looking, bare-footed woman, carrying in her hand a large black tea-kettle, on the nozzle of which she had stuck a raw potato to prevent the contents from jolting out. "What is she carrying?" said I. "Milk," he replied.

We now trotted close by a large establishment—at a glance I knew it to be a workhouse—composed of two triple rows of buildings, evidently well ventilated, the whole surrounded by a high wall. As many years ago I had served in the Poor Law Commission, I was well aware of its importance and of

reflection, PATRICK MONAHAN in large letters was the name of the grocer over the way. It was now raining slowly, steadily, and unremittingly. Women with uncovered heads and bare feet were standing round the shop; one—pattering as she walked—entered it, and in a very short time came out with a clasped hand containing a small paper parcel, which every one of the wet-faced women slightly looked at. In the window was written on a large placard—

“SOUCHONG,

5s.

THE BEST BLACK TEA.”

For some time I watched the ragged dresses of a group of men and boys, also loitering before the inn. Their clothes formed a species of dissolving view. Occasionally I rubbed my eyes, and yet I really found it impossible to decide whether the garments before me had begun life by being blue cloth or thick flannel, for, as correctly as I could calculate, there appeared about as many shreds of the one colour as of the other. The trowsers, usually of dark cloth, literally and without exaggeration, looked as if they had been borrowed for half an hour by some body who had filled them with rats that had been baited with Skye terriers, who, to get hold of the vermin, had not only bitten pieces out of the garments, but, in many instances, had literally torn them to atoms, which, with the assistance of scraps of cloth of a variety of other colours, had been hurriedly replaced by people who had never before used a needle; indeed, in many places the stitches were as rough as network. But in several cases a considerable portion of the garment had apparently been eaten up by the dogs, and accordingly, before me I saw a lad of about eighteen in trowsers, which could not grammatically be called “a pair,” inasmuch as the whole of one portion of the right leg was

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After talking with my companion about the state of the crops and the state of the country, I observed it was a great pity that there should exist in Ireland so much unkindness of feeling on account of religion. "That's all!" he replied, "it's jist difference in religion that's ruining us all. A marn should be allowed to remain in the religion of his farthur. I remain in the religion of my grandfarthur, and ought not to be interfared with. I live under the blissing of Almighty God. Praise be to his holy name!" Looking upwards with apparently real devotion, he added, "The Almighty God can relave men of a' religions." "A fine country this!" I observed, pointing to the crops on each side of me. "That's," he said, "because we have here the best landlord in a' Ireland—in a' *the world*, I may say," giving the near-wheel horse rather a sharp cut with his whip. He then proceeded to detail to me various instances of the consideration and kindness of the individual he had praised, during which we met a fine-looking, bare-footed woman, carrying in her hand a large black tea-kettle, on the nozzle of which she had stuck a raw potato to prevent the contents from jolting out. "What is she carrying?" said I. "Milk," he replied.

We now trotted close by a large establishment—at a glance I knew it to be a workhouse—composed of two triple rows of buildings, evidently well ventilated, the whole surrounded by a high wall. As many years ago I had served in the Poor Law Commission, I was well aware of its importance and of

sidered I was about to produce another carpet-bag. "Will you pick the marn's pockut?" exclaimed one of them, by way of reproof, to his comrade, who appeared from his propinquity to be the successful candidate.

At a short distance I found a public car with three horses, that had been waiting for the train, and was about to start for Tuam; accordingly, depositing my bag on it, I told the driver I would walk on. After proceeding about one hundred yards, on coming to a turning I said to an old woman as I passed her, "Is this the road to Tuam?" "Oh, yus!" she replied; adding, with an arch smile, "it wull be, when you're *there*."

When the car overtook me, there were seated on each side of it two or three well-dressed people, one of whom with his right hand made a slight beckoning sign to me. I, however, scrambled up to the driver, and although there was scarcely room for us both, and although the iron rail pressed very hard against my left thigh, I consoled myself with the reflection that I was probably the only person travelling through Ireland who was not taking a one-sided view of the country, and of the manners, social, moral, religious, and political, of its inhabitants. Whoever could have invented the art not only of journeying and of thinking elbow foremost, but of sitting for hours together back to back with fellow-creatures with whom it may be desirable to converse, I am totally unable to conceive. The fellow, whoever it was, grievously annoyed me the whole of the short time I was in Ireland. His invention was to my eyes what the sound of setting a saw is to my ears.

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far the most appalling feature in the picture was that, wherever, throughout all the country I had visited, the potato was growing, there was more or less a discolouration in its leaf, that but too clearly announced the existence of subterranean disease.

About a mile from Castlebar we, all of a sudden, came to a most extraordinary change. The road on the left side was bounded by a stone and lime wall, rough cast, and within it, to Castlebar, the eye roamed, or rather revelled, over an expanse of corn waving or standing in sheaves; green crops of great luxuriance; cocks of hay standing in emerald-green fields; the whole—like France—without a fence of any description.

On the right of the road, the country, to a considerable extent, had been similarly altered. In the middle of all I observed the tall chimney of a steam-engine: in short, the change was really magical; and whatever the heart might say on the subject, it was utterly impossible for the judgment of any man to deny, for an instant, that a most astounding improvement of the surface of Ireland had been effected; indeed, in the course of my life, I have certainly never beheld a contrast so striking. In the centre of it my companion pointed out to me with his whip, among some trees, the residence of Lord Lucan, whom I had come to visit.

Castlebar, the county town of Mayo, is situated at the north-west point of that vast plain of mixed bog and pasture land which characterizes the greater part of the counties of Roscommon, Galway, Sligo, and Mayo. It is also very nearly at the head of that broken valley that separates the high lands of Connemara and Joyce county from Ennis and Tyrawley. The most remarkable point in its history is, that in 1798 it was occupied for a few days by the French army, under General Humbert, that had landed at Killala Bay.

As we were trotting along one of the main streets leading to the principal square, I observed about a dozen well-appointed men in blue uniform, standing outside a door. As they evidently did not belong to our army, I desired the driver to stop, and, entering the house, I was soon in the presence of two officers in blue military frock-coats, gold scales on their shoulders, and wearing swords, exactly as if they were of a regiment of the line. The one was a sub-inspector, and the other a lieutenant, of what is called in Ireland "The Revenue Police." On producing my order to the constabulary, these officers very readily and obligingly explained to me—who had never before even heard of their force—that its especial duties, which, previous to the year 1836, were performed by the military, accompanied by an excise officer, are to suppress illicit distillation and malting. In order to do so, armed parties, four times a week, by day and by night, and for at least eight hours per diem, make excursions to search the townlands, every suspected house, concealed caves, &c. The whole force consists of about 1000 men under officers, whose ranks are as follows:—

1 chief inspector, residing at the Custom-house, Dublin, 9 second inspectors, 9 sub-inspectors, and 55 lieutenants. There are also a due proportion of sergeants, and about 1000 privates, almost all of whom are Catholics. The principal stations are commanded by sub-inspectors, and the out-stations by lieutenants. The men, like those of the constabulary, are armed, efficiently equipped, and well disciplined and drilled. Their uniform consists of blue military jacket, trowsers, brass buttons, blue foraging cap, with a brass bugle above the letters R. P., and a patent-leather chin-strap. I asked the officers whether religion in any way interfered with the duties their men had to perform. They both at once, nearly in the same words, replied, "Oh no, our men seize as soon from a Catholic

as from a Protestant!" "What a moral," said I to myself, "is contained in those few words!"

Crossing the square, which, bounded by trees on one side, strongly reminded me of the "Grande Place" of an ordinary French town, I proceeded through crooked streets, swarming alive with bare-footed women and little girls in red petticoats, to the workhouse, composed of a series of well-arranged buildings, surrounded by a very high wall. As I was about to ring the bell, I was accosted by one of the relieving officers of the union.

"There appear," said I, "to be a number of unroofed houses in the neighbourhood of Castlebar."

"Yes," he replied, "there are, but many who had good means, took advantage of the badness of the times, and, on being evicted, went off to England and America."

"Have these evictions had much effect on the town?"

"They have made a number of empty shops," he replied.

"Had you any rows here during the election?"

"Yes," he replied, "the Priests' party came down and got over the wall there," (he pointed to a spot where the iron spikes had apparently been forcibly wrenched off;) "six were indicted for it, tried, and found guilty."

"How many relieving officers have you in the union?"

"There are four of us. Three of us are Catholics, the other is a Protestant."

On entering the workhouse I ascertained from the master, a highly intelligent man, that its inmates consisted of—

82 Men.			
122 Women,			
17 Infirm.			
57 In Hospital.			
218 Boys and Girls from 9 to 15.			
60	"	"	5 to 9.
18	"	"	2 to 5.
26 Infants.			

let, carrying on her head a pitcher of water she was bringing to her cabin from some distant spring.

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would do the same, for it *must* eventually be of enormous benefit to Ireland."

"How comes it," said I to the master, "that we hear of so many landlords being shot, and yet that Lord Lucan escapes?"

"I regret to say," he replied, "that among English people a *part* of Ireland is taken for the whole. I have been here four years, have usually attended petty sessions, and know of no one instance such as you have referred to. I allude," he added, as if correcting himself, "to the counties of Mayo and Galway." Pointing to an eminence in the immediate neighbourhood, enclosed by a capital wall, and in a state of good cultivation, he said, "That was a densely populated hill called 'Staball.' All the houses were thrown down, on which many of the inhabitants thereof just descended the hill into this workhouse."

We now passed into a room full of infants in cradles. In another, clean, healthy, bare-footed women were spinning and working. In the laundry they were washing. The master informed me that of the whole of the inmates about nine-tenths are from evictions.

On leaving the workhouse, a gentleman intimately connected with it told me, as we walked along, that the reason of the mob breaking into the premises was to get possession of a voter who had sought refuge there from them. On gaining admittance they demanded this man from the master, who replied, "I will give you nobody, but, if you think he is here, you have full liberty to search for him." They did so, forcing the master to unlock every room, excepting the little, dark closet in which he was secreted, which, strange to say, they passed unnoticed; and having satisfied themselves he was not in the house, they were departing, when one of the paupers betrayed the secret. With imprecations they demanded the

key from the master, who said, "I will only surrender it on condition that you will not take his life." On their promising that they would not, he unlocked the door, and, following the mob and their captive, he proceeded with them to a hotel where he found collected thirty or forty priests.

"Here he is, yere Reverence!" exclaimed the ringleaders, as they led in their prisoner.

"Your Reverence," said the master of the workhouse, addressing himself to apparently the chairman, "this man (pointing to the prisoner) took refuge in my workhouse. I hope you will see he is not hurt."

"Who are *you*?" replied the priest.

"I am the master of the workhouse."

"You deserve," replied the priest, "to be turned out of it. Here!" he added, addressing himself to the captors, "put him out!" and the master accordingly was turned out "neck and heels."

The mob had divided into two sections. One of the leaders of the larger one outside, on seeing the master, whose fearless conduct at the workhouse he as well as all the rest had witnessed, said to him, "You have done your duty, man, and we'll give you three cheers!"

"No! no!" exclaimed the party who had just left the priests, and the whole then followed the master, hooting, striking their sticks furiously against the wall; "in fact," said my informant, who was present on the occasion, "they were on the point of murdering him." "And yet," said I to myself, "the constabulary force has repeatedly assured me that the people of this very county are particularly honest, and now, that their passions are not improperly excited, that 'there is scarcely any crime at all.'"

The main serpentine street of Castlebar, composed of houses generally of two stories high, and of all colours, grad-

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At a farm I found admirable stalls for 400 head of cattle, sties for 200 pigs, 48 boxes for horses, or animals of any sort, 10 cattle yards, 2 bone-mills, a flax-house, and that "Jack-of-all-work," a steam-engine of 12-horse power, that was threshing, cleaning, grinding, chaff-cutting, sawing, besides lifting water to supply the whole premises, and, moreover, heating a kiln for drying corn. The engine, which was in charge of a Scotchman, was heated by turf, at a cost of about 5s. a day.

We were now joined by the head-steward—a sedate, highly intelligent, respectable-looking Scotchman, who has been in Ireland thirteen years. He told me that the number of persons that had been ejected was about 10,000, of whom one-tenth were employed by Lord Lucan, who had given most of them cottages. He said that two Scotch bailiffs superintended the new farms at Ballinrobe, and that he had also one other Scotch bailiff under him at Castlebar. I asked him how the new plan was working.

"At Ballinrobe," he replied, "where the system has been completed, the result is, that the land has become of double its former value; that is to say, would keep double the amount of stock."

"But," said I, "how has it answered to the *poor* people?"

"Oh," he replied, "I think they are *vara* much improvit."

Question.—If Canada fell into the hands of you Americans, how would you deal with the *French* population?

Answer.—Well! I reckon that in about six months we'd just improve 'em off the face of the globe.

"In what way?" I asked.

"The cottiers," he replied, "are better dressed, have cleaner cottages, have wages *all* the year round—from

1*s.* to 8*d.* a day, and the greater number of them have gardens."

"What wages do other people pay?" I inquired.

"From 6*d.* to 8*d.*, without a house; but," he added, "few people here employ men *all* the year round."

"Have you ever been attacked by any one?" I asked.

"I have never met with a threat or an insult, nor have any of the bailiffs, nor any of the thousand men that worked under them, except a little angry noise at the elections."

As a curious addition to these statements, I was told by Lord Lucan, that, as Protestant Chairman of the Catholic Board of Guardians, he had only last week, in recommending several necessary reductions, proposed that the salary of the priest should be lowered from 60*l.* to 50*l.*, and that, his reasons being deemed satisfactory, the recommendation was agreed to without a word. How clearly does this show what can be done in Ireland—as indeed every where else—by decisive conduct!

From Lord Lucan's I walked to the constabulary barracks, where I found 1 sub-inspector, 1 head ditto, 3 constables, 2 acting ditto, 18 sub-constables, and 5 recruits for other stations, all in the same admirable order so often described. The ceilings and walls of the rooms, five in number, and of the passages, were literally as white as snow. On the table of one room, in which I ascertained there slept several Roman Catholics, I observed a bible, showing that a Protestant was among the number.

"Have you ever any differences between your men on account of religion?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," said the sub-inspector, with great gravity, "we *never* allow any thing of that sort to exist among us!"

On walking towards the town at which I had left my carpet-bag, I saw to my astonishment, among bare-footed women

and children, a footman in livery, with as much of his hair as was not covered by his hat a mass of white flour!! It is only fair to add he had not been thus victimized by Lord Lucan.

As the car I had ordered was all ready at a few minutes past four, I started for Westport; but on leaving Castlebar, as I had to pass the county jail, I desired the driver to pull up, and, ringing at the bell, sent for the governor, to whom I produced my order to the constabulary. The establishment, which is on an extensive scale, is composed of a central building, containing the governor's house, chapel, store, and cooking offices. From this building there radiate, in various directions, six others: two for convicted male criminals, one for prisoners not convicted, one for debtors and revenue offenders, one for female prisoners, and an hospital. To each department there is a yard, in which the governor, by signal, assembled the prisoners belonging to it for my inspection.

Among the men there were two or three who appeared to be of violent dispositions, but generally speaking their countenances did not denote either vice or depravity.

Among the 72 women, 14 were under confinement for felony, 20 for larceny, and the rest for begging or debt.

As the car proceeded along the hard, wet road, every now and then a great black crow stood, as if it was his intention to dispute our progress; indeed, it was not until we got within a very few yards of him that, taking two or three preliminary elastic hops, he slowly and reluctantly flew to a short distance, and then again, bounding round sideways, stood, and with his brilliant black eyes inquisitively looked at us.

Excepting here and there patches of cultivated land, the country was bleak, wild, and moorlike; and my mind was so engrossed with the various subjects that had flitted before it,

that I believe I travelled nearly a mile without hardly knowing that, close to my back, I had a companion.

At last, pointing indolently to a deserted house from which the door and window had been abstracted, "Is that part of Lord Lucan's new system?" said I.

"Tissur!" my driver replied, almost before I had completed the question.

"Is that Lord Lucan?" I added, as a very short, stout man on horseback passed us.

"One-of-his-tinnantsur!" he answered, almost in one word.

We passed a cabin, and, closing my umbrella and leaving it on the ear, I walked in.

"Will yere Arn'r take a sate?" said a woman about thirty-eight, with a fine, open countenance, her eyes being listlessly fixed on the daylight.

I sat down. On her lap was an infant. Three bare-footed children, as if hatching eggs, sat motionless on the edge of a peat fire, which appeared to be almost touching their naked toes; above the embers was demurely hanging a black pot. Opposite sat, like a bit of gnarled oak, the withered grandmother. The furniture was composed of a dingy-coloured wooden wardrobe, with a few plates on the top, and one bed close to the fire. There was no chimney but the door, on the threshold of which stood, looking exceedingly unhappy, four dripping wet fowls; at the far end of the chamber was a regular dunghheap, on which stood an ass.

"Where is your husband, my good woman?" I said to the youngest of the women.

"In England, yere Arn'r," she replied, "saking work."

Taking into consideration the rain, I thought altogether it was about as melancholy a scene as I could well witness; nevertheless, I can truly say to the reader, "Tarry a little, there is something yet!"

After trotting on for about a mile, and after I had left Lord Lucan's property, I came as usual to a small village of unroofed cabins, from the stark walls of which, to my astonishment, I saw here and there proceeding a little smoke; and, on approaching it, I beheld a picture I shall not readily forget. The tenants had been all evicted, and yet, dreadful to say, they were there still! the children nestling, and the poor women huddling together, under a temporary lean-to of straw, which they had managed to stick into the interstices of the walls of their ancient homes.

"This is a quare place, yere Arn'r!" said a fine, honest-looking woman, kindly smiling to me, adding, "Sit down, yere Arn'r!"

One of her four children got up and offered me his stool.

Under another temporary shed I found a tall woman heavy with child, a daughter about sixteen, and four younger children—*her* husband was also in England, "saking work." I entered two or three more of these wretched habitations, around which were the innumerable tiny fields, surrounded by those low tottering stone walls I have already described.

Besides women and children, I observed among the jagged, sharp, triangular stone gables of these unroofed cabins, two or three men listlessly standing stock-still; and as I was a Saxon stranger in their land,—as I was of the same religion as the landlord that had evicted them,—and lastly, as I happened to have in my pocket, besides silver, a quantity of loose gold, I might not unreasonably have expected to have received among their ruined hovels what is commonly called a rough welcome.

"Ride your ways," said the gipsy; "ride your ways, Laird of Ellan-gowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your

ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Denucleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearth-stane at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram; what do ye glowr after our folk for?”—*Guy Mannering*.

As, however, I was resuming my seat on the car, I saw among the tottering walls women and children worming their way towards me; as soon as I started, with uplifted hands and bare feet, they exclaimed, almost simultaneously, “May the Almighty God preserve yere Arn’r!” Indeed, long after I had left them, I heard the same sounds reverberating through the rain that was cruelly falling on us all. They were really good people, and from what I read in their countenances, I feel confident, that if, instead of distributing among them a few shillings, I had asked them to feed *me*, with the kindest hospitality they would readily have done so, and that with my gold in my pocket I might have slept among them in the most perfect security.

The devotional expressions of the lower class of Irish, and the meekness and resignation with which they bear misfortune or affliction, struck me very forcibly. “I haven’t aten a bit this blessed day, glory be to God!” said one woman. “Troth, I’ve been suffering lhong time from poverty and sickness, glory be to God!” said another. On entering a strange cabin the common salutation is, “God save all here!” On passing a gang of comrades at labour a man often says, “God bless the work, boys!” In meeting a person, if you want to get quickly into friendly conversation with him, it is usual to say to him, “God save ye!” to which, like the “Aloom salicoom!” and “Salicoom aloom!” of the Mahometans, the answer always is “God save ye kindly!” the pronunciation of which is sure to secure acourteous and favourable reception.

A Protestant clergyman of great experience told me that

in all his intercourse with Irish Catholics he had *never* met with an infidel.

In a few miles we came to an immense region, the property of Sir Robert (Somebody,) bounded by distant hills, all utterly houseless, but turned into large fields teeming with crops, green and brown. On proceeding further I met with a similar picture on the property of Lord Sligo, and, although the recollection of the tragedy I had just witnessed was fresh both in my heart and mind, I could not but admit that the contrast between the old system and the new is so striking, that the superiority of the latter, to any one who witnesses it, does not for a moment require an advocate.

In all regions of the world it has been, and is, the stern decree of Providence that civilization, sooner or later, should override and overrun those feeble tribes who are innocently revelling in what is usually called a state of Nature; and, accordingly, throughout the great continents of North and South America, and elsewhere, the virtuous and simple aborigines have, since the discovery of their respective countries, rapidly melted away, as they themselves figuratively express it, "like snow before the sun."

It might therefore not unreasonably be expected that, even if the land the poor people on which I had visited were their own property, it would be as impossible for them as it has been for the Red Indians to withstand the torrent of civilization that is steadily and irresistibly rolling over the world. But they are not, like the Red Indians and other aborigines, the lawful owners of the soil on which they sleep. It belongs to what in the scale of civilization may justly be called another race, by whom they are permitted to live upon it, on conditions to which both parties have agreed. Now, even if the poor people I have alluded to could have continued to pay their rents, any well-educated friend might have admonished them

that, if they persisted in sleeping with their pigs and asses, and in subsisting with them on one single article of food, no payment they could offer could possibly prevent their being eventually swept away.

But in consequence of certain dispensations of Nature, they became first of all unable to pay their rents; then destitute of subsistence; and thus, by creating a necessity for poor-rates, they became a burden, gradually increasing in weight, until the landlord had absolutely not physical strength to bear it; in fact, not only did the landlord get no rent, but for his land which gave him nothing he was out of that nothing required to pay rates he had no funds to supply! By the interference of Nature the whole system, therefore, rapidly began to fall to pieces, and I have no hesitation in stating, as my humble opinion, that it is out of the power of man to attempt to hold it together any longer. The decrees of Providence are often, to our judgment, dark, mysterious, and unfathomable. In the present instance, however, the sentence pronounced, not *against*, but really *IN FAVOUR* of that portion of the Irish people who are at this moment—I repeat the truth—sleeping with their pigs and asses, may be thus expressed. The backwoods of Canada—the new settlements of America—the gold of California and Australia—endearingly pronounce to them the word “COME!” Simultaneously the potato disease very sternly utters to them the monosyllable “Go!” and with attraction on the one hand, and repulsion on the other, these virtuous people, in my opinion, have no alternative but to emigrate from their beloved and beautiful country, or COMPLETELY TO CHANGE THEIR HABITS OF LIFE. This is not *my* decree, it is not the decree of the British Government, it is not the decree of the petty Irish landlord,—but it is the decree of a Beneficent and Omnipotent Power whose inflexible will no man can oppose.

As we were trotting along, a bare-footed boy of about fourteen, after the car had passed him, ran after it, and then, holding on behind, he very cunningly kept his eye on the whip. Observing that when I turned towards him I did not frown, he smiled, looked at the lash, at me, and then smiled again, until, conspiring with him against the driver, I occasionally now and then treacherously fed him with a halfpenny.

Descending a narrow valley, through which runs a small stream, we now trotted through the welcome street of the sea-bathing town of Westport, nearly all built by the late Marquis of Sligo.

On driving at about six o'clock up to a capital inn, built and furnished by the late Lord, I was suddenly and politely asked by the landlord whether I would have any objection to sit down with some other gentlemen to a hot dinner which was just about to be placed on table? And as the subject of dinner had occasionally been uppermost in my mind for some hours, I most readily replied in the negative.

"Has this marn any claim upon you?" kindly added mine host, pointing to a fellow muttering something to me, in a hat the brim of which had apparently been gnawed off by rats, and in a pair of breeches that looked as if they had just been riddled with grape, canister, and musketry. I again, as briefly as before, replied in the negative; and begging that I might have some hot water, I was conducted by a very respectable-looking chambermaid into a room containing two beds, *one* of which she said I could have; in short, I found that the house was overflowing with English tourists, each carrying in his or her right hand a pea-green 'Handbook,' that had been given gratis at Euston Station, and which, very unfortunately for me, had gratuitously told almost every body to come to Westport. Without asking for a description of my bedfellow, I at once so positively declared I would not have

One, that by persuasion and more effectual means I extorted a promise that I should be alone. At dinner we had a splendid turbot, with a superabundance of lobster-sauce; but as I was rather too hungry to be at all particular, nothing else has lived in my memory excepting some potatoes of a sort called "*Protestants*," which, on my making some remark as to the oddity of their name, elicited from the waiter, as, with a white napkin under his left arm he bustled around the table, an anecdote, showing how a gentleman had won a sovereign by betting with a party of jolly good Papists, with whom he was dining, "that he could prove there were, at table, more *Protestants*, than Catholics."

As soon as our repast was over I walked for a short time about broad streets, (most of which were at right angles,) of houses two stories high, constructed on the acclivity of an exceedingly steep hill. At the intersection of four of the principal thoroughfares I observed on a Grecian pedestal the statue of a bald-headed hero of some sort, standing with his right hand on his heart, and evidently thinking hard. "Who is that?" said I to a wet boy, on whose bare head the rain was steadily pattering. "He was," he replied, "a rich marn of this place, and so they made hum a startu."

From the statue of Dives I went to the barracks of the constabulary, where I found the beds of a sub-inspector, a head-constable, two Protestant constables, and nine sub-constables, of whom eight were Roman Catholics and one a Protestant. Of the above force, eight, with the sub-inspector, and twenty-seven more from other parts, had the day before proceeded to Clare Island, a most beautiful, elevated spot, about four miles long by one and a half broad, situated in the entrance of Clew Bay, nearly seventeen miles from Westport, for the purposes of eviction.

The head-constable, an exceedingly well-educated, intelli-

gent man, who had been at Westport five years, and who had been present at nearly all the numerous evictions in its neighbourhood, told me that, although in unroofing the houses the women often stood by, crying bitterly, excepting a trifling animosity at Kilmeen, no resistance whatever had been made.

"They have always," he added, "been quite amenable to the law. Indeed, considering their sufferings at the time, it was a matter of wonder they were so submissive."

"You must surely," said I, "sometimes have had great difficulty in the execution of this duty?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "we certainly have, but we endeavour to joke off any thing that is said against us; and even if it comes to blows, we will bear a good deal rather than have recourse to deadly weapons."

"Has there been much crime in the county?"

"None whatever," he replied—"some petty larcenies, that's all."

"Have you had any religious disagreements among your force?"

"Oh, no!" he replied, "if any person insults one he insults all. Our force is paraded, as on other days, every Sunday. Every man then goes off to his own place of worship."

I asked him from whom I could obtain the most correct account of the numerous conversions to Protestantism which of late years had been effected in the West of Ireland. In compliance with my wishes he at once conducted me to two gentlemen who appeared to be well conversant with the subject.

The serious mistake which the English Government made long ago was appointing Protestant clergymen who could not preach in Irish to localities in which the native language was in current use. In those localities, as well as in all others, a

zealous Catholic priest has naturally always deemed it his duty, by every means in his power, to keep his own flock separate from those of a different creed ; and as the same policy was not pursued by the Protestant clergy, it follows, of course, that conversions, if any, were more likely to be effected from the latter creed than to it.

As death, however, is said to level all earthly distinction, so did the famine in 1846 bring the suffering Catholics and the Protestant clergy into close communication. The poor, when they saw the tenderness and indefatigable exertion of the clergy of the Established Church, applied to them for relief—obtained it—and the barrier of prejudice which had separated them having been thus broken, they listened to their doctrines, and, being simultaneously relieved by their charity, they willingly became converts to a religion which they practically found to be so different from what it had been represented to them. But the greatest success has been among the Roman Catholic children, who, having in like manner originally been forced by famine to congregate around the Protestant clergy, have had the Bible put into their hands, and by it and by the schools have subsequently been converted.

The innumerable conversions which, from their commencement in the little island of Achil in 1835 to the present day, have been effected in the West of Ireland, from Achil to Dingle, and from Dingle to Oughterard, in the counties of Donegal, Cork, Kerry, and even in Dublin, have been most extensive and extraordinary. For instance, in the town of Westport there are now three Protestant churches, and five more in the parish, extending over an area of 153,675 acres. At Clifden the conversion burst out so rapidly that already by far the greater portion of the inhabitants are Protestants. Indeed, the extent of the change that has been effected is sufficiently demonstrated by the recent violence of the Roman

Catholic priesthood, especially against education : for, as may be well imagined, it is impossible to have educated, as has been the case, nearly half a million of children for twenty years, on the National system I have described, without producing immense effects. The Sisters of Mercy zealously combine with the priests to stop the movement, and their efforts are extraordinary. In short, every engine is brought to bear against this alarming conversion ; a regularly organized denunciation is levelled against all aiders and abettors of the Protestant missionaries, as well as against every one who affords them any countenance whatever. Any Roman Catholic who listens to a Protestant clergyman, or to a Scripture reader, is denounced as a marked man, and people are forbidden to have any dealings with him in trade or business, to sell him food, or buy it of him. For instance, a shoemaker at Westport lately seceded from the Catholic Church ; the Sisters immediately offered him 2*l.* a week, which he refused. Not a journeyman dared work for him. A priest went round to every man that dealt with him, until only one person would sell him leather ; in short, he lost his custom, and rapidly came to a state of starvation.

It is, however, only fair to state that by the Roman Catholic priesthood it is declared, that of this extraordinary amount of conversion, which they do not attempt to deny, almost the whole has been effected by what they call " the meal system ;" and, accordingly, they sneer at those who have deserted them as " jumpers," belonging to what they term " the stirabout religion."

I must say, however, that I highly approve of this stirabout movement.

It would, no doubt, be extremely satisfactory if, among the followers of different creeds, the question of religion could be left entirely to find its own level according to its own

intrinsic merits; and, if this calm judgment could practically be obtained, I believe the Protestant religion would gain all it could possibly desire. But there exists no religion whose ministers are immaculate. On the contrary, excited by zeal and enthusiasm, they but too often contend one against another, until, in the case of Protestants and Catholics, not only has much angry language been used throughout Ireland, but in a late instance, over the body of a dying convert to Protestantism, the two ministers, as is notorious, actually came to blows. As the subject, therefore, is not, and cannot be, one of calm, unruffled judgment, it appears to me that, instead of there being any harm, there is much good in the benevolent Christian practice that has lately been adopted by the Protestant missionaries in Ireland, of offering a wholesome breakfast of meal to all indigent children who may be desirous to attend their schools; for what can more clearly demonstrate to young people the inestimable advantages of the Christian faith than that its ministers and supporters should openly practise the charity they preach, so powerfully recommended, as follows, by St. Paul?—

“ Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. . . . And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”—1 Cor. xiii.

But it is said, “ Meal is a bribe, and people ought not to be bribed to change their religion.”

But a slated house is a bribe, desks are bribes, benches are bribes, books are a bribe, pens are a bribe, ink is a bribe, yellow soap is a bribe, a towel is a bribe; and, accordingly, if little children are to find all these articles for themselves, how barren and uncharitable is the invitation that is made to them! But the poor of Ireland have not the money to pay

for these elements of education ; and if, therefore, it be absolutely necessary for the rich to provide their children with a comfortable school-room, wash their faces and hands, and give them books, ink, pens, and paper, surely there can be no great sin in filling their poor little hungry stomachs as well as their empty heads.

I, therefore, most earnestly and fervently hope that all who are friendly to the Irish will promote the good cause of supplying these distant schools with meal. In this friendly effort the rich Protestant has the power of contributing infinitely more, and consequently of producing infinitely more effect, than the poorer Catholic ; but while religious antagonism ought, generally speaking, to be condemned, in *this* struggle the poor children, whichever way the scale may preponderate, are sure to be the gainers by the contention ; and with this prayer and recommendation in their behalf, after the toils of my journey, I must now wish my gentle reader " Good night !"

THIRD DAY.

On rising at six o'clock, I found the wind had chopped round to the north-west, and that there was every prospect of a fine day—in short, the weather had apparently run itself quite dry, and as my travelling-bag of halfpence was nearly in the same state, after walking for a short time about the town, I entered a large ale-house to beg change.

" Have the evictions in this neighbourhood done you much harm ?" I inquired of a large man of about fifty, as very good-humouredly he was counting out from a small heap of copper.

" It's ruining us all !" he replied. " I now take 5*l.* at fairs where I used to take 20*l.*, and on market-days 1*l.* where I used to get 7*l.*"

I had ordered breakfast, and as soon as I entered the large parlour of the inn, I found its table heavily prepared for about twenty people. Looking out of the window for some little time, I fancied I was in the room by myself; however, on hearing a slight muttering, I turned towards it, and then I perceived the jet-black back and head of a very short priest on his knees, praying. As soon as the eggs came in he got up, and, as we were similarly disposed, we both sat down to breakfast together. His face, which was rather round and red, was completely covered with little pimples; his neck was nil. However, in spite of all, he was very communicative, and so fond of talking, that, as he sat eating and incessantly chattering to me, constantly repeating what he had just said, both corners of his mouth soon became as yellow as those of a young blackbird. He had ordered his bill, and it was lying before him.

"They never," said he, glancing at it, and then addressing himself to me, "charge a priest as much as they do others. They will charge *you* here 1s. 6d. or 2s. for your bed; they charge *me* 1s. We never say a word about reduction; and they do it of their own accord. When the cholera raged we were at their bedsides. We charged them nothing, and they appreciated it. In return, they never charge us as much as others, but we never say a word for it."

When my bill came,—for one's bill at an inn, like death, is sure to come,—I asked the waiter what effect the evictions in the neighbourhood had had on the town.

"They have ruined it," he replied; "the poor used to support the rich; now that the poor are gone the rich shop-keepers are all failing. Our town is full of empty shops, and, after all, the landlord himself is now being ruined!"

As soon as I had defrayed my account, the waiter stepped aside to a table, from which he returned with a large book, in

which he asked me to be so good as to inscribe my opinion—whatever it might be—of the accommodation I had received. As, however, I had really totally forgotten all about the turbot and lobster-sauce,—had slept so soundly that I had never for an instant thought about the bed,—and as the priest had talked so incessantly, that for the life of me I could not accurately state how many eggs we had eaten, I excused myself from complying with his request. In justice, however, to the Royal Hotel, Westport, I should say that on glancing over the leaves I read as follows:—

“Mr. and Mrs. H. and Miss H., of —Bank, Yorkshire. We have found every thing very comfortable.”

“Judge and Mrs. P., Miss P., Miss D., and Miss R., have found this a comfortable house. The host and his people are very attentive and accommodating.”

“I have been in worse and better hotels in this country.

(Signed)

“P.S.”

“I have travelled over a great part of the world, and was never better entertained than in this establishment.

(Signed) “P.L.”

“I have much pleasure in contributing my experience to the above compliment, as a hotel so worthy of praise in every department, whether in London, Dublin, or elsewhere, has never come under my notice.

(Signed)

“L. T., of R.”

“Capital accommodation.

(Signed)

“V.L.”

My car was now at the door, and, bidding adieu to the landlord, whom I found at its side, I trotted sideways through the broad macadamized street until its acclivity brought our animal to a walk. At this sober pace we passed an immense union-workhouse, which in 1848, when “the famine was sore in the land,” had administered out-door and in-door relief to no less than sixty thousand persons.

On reaching the summit of the hill I observed, on looking behind over the town beneath, that during the rain and mist

of the previous day I had unconsciously passed a range of undulating mountains, the outline of which was now bold, clear, and distinct. At a short distance in front of us, on the right, was Croagh-Patrick, commonly called St. Patrick's Reek, a magnificent mountain standing by itself. Its base and centre appeared to be covered with brown heather, which became more and more stunted, until its summit—a sharp-pointed pinnacle 2510 feet above the sea, and from whence it is said can be seen a distance of nearly a hundred miles—ended in bald sterility. Beneath it appeared the Atlantic and Clare Island. Before us was an open country teeming with large stones and bog, with here and there small brown or white cabins, from each of which in its peaceful solitude was to be seen meandering upwards into the fresh, pure morning air a small, short thread of white smoke. As we trotted along we passed a large, solid, new Protestant church, nearly finished.

“When was the building of that church commenced?” said I to a man seated at my back, whose face I had not yet seen. “Yere Arn'r,” replied a sharp, intelligent voice, “I'm a stranger here like yereself: I only druff two gintlemen into Westport yesterday from Sligo—*that's* my country!—but the master's horses were all engaged this morning, and so he asked ‘Would I take yere Arn'r?’” Somehow or other I felt quite pleased at the intelligence that I was to have no assistance but my own eyes, for the day, as compared with its predecessor in office, was so lovely, and the prospect of entering the Connemara district so exhilarating, that I felt it mattered but little by what human names or nicknames the objects I was about to visit might be designated. “At all events,” thought I, “I shall always meet somebody or other who will be able to tell me.”

On my right, rushing down the side of a precipitous rock,

was a slender stream of bog-water, nearly the colour of tawny port wine, and shortly afterwards we passed a solitary cabin unroofed.

"What do you think," said I, leaning on my right elbow, as if disposed, in colloquial friendship, to meet my conductor half way, "What do you think of this system of eviction?"

"Yere Arn'r," he replied, "it's just the ruin of the poor man. Before, every man had his four, five, eight, or even tin acres. He was rich, for his pitaturs kept him, his family, his horses, and his cows. He had arlways the pig to back him, and so at the half-year he could mate his landlord. Any body might thin travel through the counthry with divil a halfpenny. They would be glad to have ye to converse with ye, give ye a good bed," (I thought of a certain bell-rope I had seen,) "suppir, breakfast, and not seek of ye any thing."

"But," said I, "could they manage to subsist *entirely* on potatoes?"

"Sure, yere Arn'r," he replied, "with pitaturs they fed" (with his whip he here enumerated the following animals on the fingers of his left hand) "their pags,—toorkies,—gaise,—fools,—dooks,—hins,—and harses."

"Will sheep eat them?" I inquired.

"Troth, yere Arn'r," he replied, "they'll *root* um! Thim black crows steal pitaturs. Och!" he said, looking at me very archly as he shook his whip at one, "they're the biggest villins, yere Arn'r!"

"That mare of yours is thorough-bred, isn't she?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, yere Arn'r, she's well got."

"Will donkeys," said I—we were at the moment passing one that was grazing afar off—"eat potatoes?"

"Oh, yes, yere Arn'r, and our dogs will ate um too. Gintlemen's dogs ate um with milk; but ours, troth! they'll ate um quite dry!"

We now passed a few patches of oats, as also some small fields of potatoes growing around a few stone-walled cabins, the thatched roofs of which, at intervals of about a foot, were covered with straw ropes, at the end of each of which hung a stone, weighing about 20 lbs.

"What is all that for?" I inquired.

"To keep down the roof, yere Arn'r, during the winds of winter," he replied.

In the low hills six miles from Westport we now passed, close on our right, a large whitewashed building with sable wooden shutters that were closed. Above the door I observed a black board, on which was written in white letters,

CARREKENEDY
NATIONAL SCHOOL.

About a mile beyond this building—which, as I passed, I inwardly hailed as the best means, under Providence, of bringing together, in friendly communication, the Catholic and Protestant children of Ireland—in a spacious flat of heath and swamp, forming altogether a splendid grouse and snipe country, I observed, without spire, a white Catholic church, which, excepting one whitewashed cottage with a straw-roped roof, were the only habitations to be seen. Over the sides of the mountains on my right, as well as across the great level before me, magnificent shadows of clouds were slowly passing. On the top of a small bush, close to the solitary little white cabin, lay extended to sun and air the only emblem of animal life I could any where behold, a madder-red woollen petticoat.

After looking for a few seconds at the church, which, like the school-house we had just passed, ought to unite together in brotherly love the whole Christian family of Ireland,—
"What do you pay your priests?" said I.

He replied, "For getting married the poorest pay from 25s. to 20s.; those that attend give from 2s. 6d. to 1s.; *thim* are the poorest. For baptizing a child they pay 2s. 6d., and the ghossip's name goes down after the child's name, but the ghossips pay nothing at arl. At Christmas and Aister the poor people pay hum 1s.; the shorpkeepers 'll pay hum 1l."

After trotting for a short distance along the banks of a small rapid river, of dark, rich, tawny-coloured water, here and there breaking white over large stones, among which were, I was afterwards told, a quantity of salmon,—

"What are those for?" said I, pointing to a little potato-field, full of tall, upright sticks, on the top of several of which was affixed a peat.

"To frighten away the crows, yere Arn'r. They take a note arf um, that they may be a marn's hat."

We now stopped for a few minutes to bait our horse at a small house close to the river and bridge of Errib. The kitchen I entered was, as usual, full of smoke; and yet I was much struck with the gentle, pleasing manner of its mistress as she lighted for the driver a large match of wood that flared as if it had been soaked in spermaceti oil.

"It's yere bog-wood," said the driver to her, "isn't ut?"

"Tissur!" was her answer to him.

As we drove away, "God speed ye!" said her husband to us, slightly waving his hand to us in adieu.

We now continued our course along the bank of the river, that appeared to be rushing more violently than before. On each side of us were mountains. In a little green valley stood, mourning together over the loss they had severally sustained, the stone walls and sharp triangular gables of eight unroofed cabins. At a short distance from them appeared, as if it had just risen out of the ground, a brand-new good house.

Two little girls about fourteen years of age, with their plaids over their heads, lay together on the side of the grassy valley, and without raising an eye towards our car, which passed close to them, they continued playing at the old-fashioned English school-game of throwing into the air small stones and catching them on the backs of their right hands. Not a cabin was in sight.

"Very honest people in this country?" said I to the driver.

"Sure, yere Arn'r might travel by yereself here a' night. Divil a word would any man say to ye."

At fourteen miles from Westport we came to a beautiful narrow lake, at the head of which a number of workmen were busily erecting a large, substantial stone Protestant church, with Gothic windows.

"Thart's," said the driver, as he pointed at it with his whip, "for what we ca' 'joompers;' but if the pitaturs would return, they'd a' come back. They would, indade, yere Arn'r."

Opposite to the church, imbedded in trees, was a most beautiful retreat, called "Ashley Lodge," belonging to the Hon. David Plunket, (brother to the Bishop of Tuam,) who has lately purchased from the Marquis of Sligo the whole range of mountains for three miles. Adjoining is a similar property of about 10,000 acres, purchased, I was informed, by Captain Houston a short time ago at the rate of 2½*d.* an acre. I here passed on the road two or three groups of children, all, especially the girls, strikingly clean and neatly dressed. Following them at some distance was a tall, slight, intelligent gentleman, whose black clothes and white neckcloth clearly explained to me that he was a Protestant clergyman. I accordingly desired the driver to pull up, and for a few moments conversed with the Rev. Weldon Ashe, who informed me that, although the church was not yet built, his congregation

amounted to 102 persons. Just as I was leaving him, I made some observations on the pleasing appearance of his children. "We teach them cleanly habits," he replied.

"They were all baptized Catholics," said my driver to me, with great energy, the instant we were alone. "I'm as sure of ut, yere Arn'r, as I am that I hould this whup. But, poor craters, whart could they do?"

My attention was now engrossed by a view, immediately before us, of what appeared to be a beautiful serpentine lake, but which, in fact, was an arm of the sea, ten miles long, called Killary Harbour, dividing the counties of Mayo and Galway.

As we trotted along the shore, its only habitations appeared to be eight unroofed cabins, surrounded by a few poplar-trees and whitethorns, a good-sized old post-house, a new rival one, and the clean white barrack of the constabulary. On arriving at the latter, I entered it, desiring the driver to go to the post-house.

The little force established on this sequestered spot, consisted of one constable (a Catholic) and four sub-constables, (two Protestants and two Catholics,) who had been here from two to four years. All were in full uniform; the buttons of their coats and the brass plates of their waist-belts shone resplendently. The walls, which have been regularly lime-washed by themselves once a month, were as white as snow, and the staircase and floors of the room were literally as clean as an English dairy. The constable told me that the new proprietors of the country in the neighbourhood had been unroofing the cabins since 1848.

"What has become of the evicted?" I inquired.

"Some," he replied, "have gone to America, some to England, some into the poor-house, and some are dead."

"Have you had any disturbances here?" I asked.

"There has," he replied, "been no outrage or crime of any

sort committed here for three months;" correcting himself, he added, "when Patrick M'Anus's wife was baten we took the two that did it, and they have both been lodged in jail."

"How far is *your* Catholic church off?" He replied, "Five miles."

To my great surprise he then told me, in answer to my inquiries on the subject, that he and his little party could obtain no provisions nearer than Westport, not even potatoes! "We tried," he said, "the other day to get one stone of them, but nobody would sell them. They say they want what they have got, or think they are failing, and that they'll have too little for themselves. We send," he added, "two of our party, with a horse and cart, once a month to Westport, to buy meal, flour, potatoes, bacon, fresh beef, and we then corn it. Thro'out the year we live almost entirely on salt provisions. At Christmas we buy a sheep among ourselves."

"Whose potatoes are *those*?" said I, pointing to a plot not three yards from me, without a fence of any sort.

"They belong," he replied, "to the hotel-keeper."

"Why, surely," I observed, with an astonishment I could scarcely conceal, "he would allow you a few?"

"Divil a stone, sir! For nearly three years we have not been able to buy a potato."

Before me on the hill were amicably grazing together several sheep and cows, and as I looked at them, and reflected that the next-door neighbour of the constabulary would not allow to them a single potato out of the lot that were literally growing almost beneath their feet, I could not help muttering to myself—

"Sic vos non vobis."

On arriving at the post-house I found playing very sweetly before it a piper, at whose feet, knitting socks were sitting

four women and three children, in old, ragged, red petticoats. I had never before heard the Irish bagpipe, which is played with bellows instead of by the breath, and I was particularly admiring its bass notes, when, all of a sudden, the women and girls jumped up, and, casting my eyes down the road, I saw, rocking, and reeling, and rapidly approaching me, one of Bianconi's three-horsed cars, accompanied on each side by a swarm of girls from twelve to eighteen, all in red petticoats, and all with extended hands offering to passengers, whose knees they could touch, scarlet and white socks.

As soon as the car reached the post-house, at which it was to change horses, the arms and stockings were, if possible, more earnestly extended than before.

The passengers, who on each side of the carriage appeared closely packed together, side by side, as if for sale or exhibition, were nearly all composed of English wide-awake travellers, most of whom held in their hands a certain pea-green book. Among them, with kid gloves on her hands, with a parasol on her lap, and in a gown that modestly covered her shoes, sat a tall, lusty, finely-dressed lady, of about forty, who appeared to be the pattern of a good housewife. Every feature in her face demonstrated that she knew how to preserve, pickle, and otherwise superintend the various items that make the inside of a good home comfortable; but she was evidently bored to death by the group of vile, naked-legged, bare-footed Irish savage that were buzzing about her. Averting and slightly tossing her head, she had already said "La!" once; and as that word comprehended all that could possibly be said on this subject, she very properly would neither answer them nor again even look at them. In a very few minutes the fresh horses were affixed, and away drove the car at a brisk trot, followed by its escort of red fluttering petticoats; and certainly nothing could be wilder than the

picture of the whole group following the serpentine course of the bay, until passing a small promontory it at last totally disappeared from view. The constable, who had accompanied me from his barrack, told me that these children had joined the car at two or three miles from the post-house, and after its departure usually followed it for about the same distance.

At the post-house called Leenane there was no fresh horse; "but," said my driver to me, as he apprised me of the calamity, "sure, yere Arn'r, and I'll not lave ye; so I'm baiting my harse to take yere Arn'r on." And having thus a few minutes to spare, as the readiest mode of disposing of them, I ascended the mountain-side, which was close to the road, to a small promontory. On turning round to look at the view, I beheld before me, on the opposite side of the beautiful serpentine salt-lake beneath, stupendous hills, heatherless, but covered with green, rank, sedge grass, which faded at the summit into gray sterile rock. On the left was Mewlrea, the highest mountain (2688 feet) in the west of Ireland. While I was slowly ascending, I had more than once, suddenly and very peremptorily, exclaimed, "Be off with ye, you young vagabond!" to a boy of about twelve years of age, who, with a pair of bright-red socks in his hand, had, like a wolf, followed me from the road. At each angry exclamation, the boy, as I turned round upon him, stepped back, and, showing me a set of white teeth and a pair of laughing eyes, I felt I had the worst of it, until, by his pleasing manners and pretty face, he succeeded in terminating the war that had been waging between us.

"Have you any father?" I inquired.

"No," he answered; "he was taken up for fishing, and died in prison."

"Have you ever in the course of your life," said I, looking at his ten toes, "worn shoes?"

"Never, yere Arn'r," he replied.

"What hurts your feet most?" said I, thinking at the moment of the sharp macadamized road beneath us.

"Snow!" he replied.

"Why?" I ignorantly asked.

"Snow is cauld, yere Arn'r!" replied the boy.

"Rain is bad!" he added.

"Why?" I asked.

"You take cauld out of the rain," he replied.

"Is hot weather bad?"

"No, if it wouldn't be too hot entirely."

"When it is too hot, what does it do?" I asked.

"Take some of the skin arf 'em, sir!" he replied.

"Don't the stones cut your feet?"

"Very seldom!" he replied, with a smile; and yet, when I made him show me one of them, I was surprised to see that, excepting the heel and ball, which felt hard and springy, like India-rubber, the rest of his little foot was apparently almost as soft as if he had lived in shoes on a Brussels carpet.

As, however, I could now see that the car was ready, we descended to the post-house, and, on entering it for a moment, I found a small, nicely furnished bedroom and parlour, forming comfortable fishing quarters for any one of the numerous family of Isaac Walton who visit this neighbourhood.

As we quietly trotted along the road that, at about ten or twenty feet above it, obsequiously followed the lake, which, though here and there slightly awakened by a momentary breeze, was, generally speaking, enjoying a siesta, we were surrounded by highland scenery of magnificent description. One of the mountains, curiously scooped out, resembled the section of a volcanic crater. At its base, like a speck, was

an unroofed cabin, surrounded by the ruins of little walls, apparently short hieroglyphic memoranda of its history. On taking leave of the lake, we went through a rocky pass, at the end of which there suddenly burst upon my view the distant "Twelve Pins," or "Benna Beola," of Connemara, a group or family of wild, high, bleak, barren mountains, of very striking appearance. After crossing, by a bridge, a small stream, near which was a cascade, the road conducted us through a boggy space, about two miles long and one broad, of coarse grass, completely surrounded on every side by mountainous hills of all shapes. Excepting three wild ducks that, from a small lake, rose, and then, as if spell-bound, with extended necks, continued flying in circles above it, not a living being was to be seen, or a habitation of any sort.

At last we came to a few goats grazing near an unroofed cabin, of which only one frail gable remained.

The number of unroofed houses I passed was to me a subject not only of unceasing regret, but of astonishment.

The census return of 1851, as compared with that of 1841, shows a diminution of inhabited houses in Ireland of 21 per cent. ! or, in actual numbers, there were in the former year no less than 281,104 fewer inhabited houses than in the latter ; and, accordingly, the same return shows a diminution in the number of families of 265,785. And these figures, which very accurately confirm each other, moreover show that the 15,814 remaining families must either have been crowded into the houses still remaining, or have taken shelter in the workhouses or towns, the latter having, it is well known, received large numbers of the rural poor, just as the former sheltered those who were wholly destitute.

It must not, however, be considered that the cabins and houses that have disappeared have *all* been levelled or un-

roofed by the process of eviction; for in a very great many cases the occupiers were removed with their own consent, and, moreover, were assisted to emigrate. In many instances improving landlords have built better cottages for their tenants before throwing down the old ones.

Adjoining the ruined cabin that had so particularly attracted my attention, was a small white Catholic chapel with slated roof; and by the roadside, as its guardian angel, sat by himself, bare-headed and bare-footed, a beautiful child of about two years of age.

A mile further, near the head of Kylmore Lake, which is nearly a mile long, we suddenly drove by a Protestant school-house and six comfortable cottages in a line, all building for widows and children.

"Are all these hills in winter covered with snow?" said I to a large, coarse, strong, bony, useful young woman, as the car trotted by her.

"They do, sir," she replied.

A little further on, close to the water, I observed, surrounded by a high wall, a quadrangular line of cottages on a stony hill, constructed in 1848 for a workhouse, but now deserted.

At the head of the lake, on which there was at the moment gambolling a beautiful ripple, I observed a good hotel, and as we were trotting towards it along the road close to the water's edge, we met a well-attired gentleman, comfortably walking with a lady leaning on each of his arms,—both dressed in silk, and both with parasols in their hands. Excepting the inn and the deserted workhouse, not a habitation was to be seen. The stones at the bottom of the lake, in which there is no mud, were, near its brier-covered banks, glittering in the sun. At the extremity of the water we passed almost under impending rocks of great beauty, the

clefts in which were teeming with heather and with brush-wood, composed of beech, hazel, and strong briers.

Traversing a second defile of about 100 yards in length, we burst upon another smaller lake, the perpendicular right bank of which was covered, as before, with wood, among which I observed a quantity of holly-trees growing very luxuriantly. At eight miles from Leenane we passed a substantial house with smoking chimneys, belonging to an Englishman, Mr. Eastwood, of Liverpool, the owner of upwards of 1000 acres bordering on the lake. Here we found fields of oats, and close to the road a herd of thirty cows and a magnificent bull, all busily grazing. In the midst of them, intently knitting, there sat on the ground, in a madder-red petticoat and chequered shawl, a fine-looking Connemara girl of about eighteen.

From this beautiful lake ran a strong stream, which, after we had crossed it by a bridge, continued for some time alongside of the road. Before us, at a considerable distance, was a large, lofty, solitary mountain. On our right and left were low, rocky hills.

Immediately under a lofty mountain, called Molless, we suddenly burst upon the magnificent salt-water harbour of Ballynakill; and on stopping at a small hotel beside it, a number of little girls in bright-red petticoats ran up to me.

"Take some di'monds, yere Arn'r!" they all exclaimed, extending at once their slight arms and small hands, in which I saw glittering a few tiny bits of white crystal.

But my attention was engrossed by a very handsome, large, well-built Protestant church immediately before me, which only a few days ago was consecrated by the Bishop of Tuam.

Its site has been most happily chosen where the winding road from Clifden to the Killeriees approaches the beautiful

bay of Ballynakill, in the immediate vicinity of some of the most improved parts of that romantic district. The church, on the day of its consecration, was, I was informed, densely crowded, not only by the rich, poor, and poorest classes of the surrounding country, but by thirty clergymen of the Established Church, as also by several people from England. The ceremony, ornamented by the grand mountain scenery around, was, no doubt, calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on the minds of those who witnessed it. For some time, by the skill and energy of new settlers, the surrounding waste of brown bog and heather had been converted into corn-fields and pasture, and in the midst of this placid picture there now arose a solid building, in which all might assemble to invoke together the blessing of the Almighty on all sorts and conditions of men.

Nearly opposite the church stood a very fine house, built and occupied by James Ellis, Esq., (a Quaker, brother to the late member for Leicester,) who has also just constructed a large and commodious school, with a suitable residence for the master. He was, moreover, the possessor of a large crop of oats on ground that last year was a bog. The principal shopkeeper, and postmaster, is also an Englishman.

As usual, I walked for information to the constabulary barrack, in which I found, in the same state of dress and discipline I have so continually had occasion to describe, one constable (a Roman Catholic) and five sub-constables (four Roman Catholics and one Presbyterian). In the constable's room I observed "The Works of Josephus," "Smith's Wealth of Nations," "Industrial Resources of Ireland," "Chalmers' Discourses," "Anecdotes of Napoleon," "Waterton's Wanderings," "Lamartine's History of the Girondists," "The Edinburgh Encyclopædia," "The Saturday Magazine," with several other volumes.

On my asking him what were his principal duties, he readily replied, "Executing warrants generally, and especially for poor-laws; arresting those who have absconded from workhouses with the clothes thereof, besides often leaving their families behind; escorting prisoners by night and by day; patrolling from two to four miles from the station; going to fairs and 'patrons,' on the requirement of a magistrate, where disturbances are expected; attending quarter sessions, assizes, and at elections, if called upon."

On asking him whence he procured provisions, he told me that, as he and his men could obtain but little in the neighbourhood, excepting potatoes, they usually sent to Clifden for their meat and salted it.

On the side of the harbour, which, being land-locked, looks exactly like a beautiful lake, we passed a small, comfortable house, built by Mr. Graham, an Englishman, and not far from it, a small stone pier, at which were lying moored three boats. Further on was a large, substantial residence, just completed by Captain Fletcher, of Dublin, around which were growing oats and green crops. In the surrounding heather-covered hills, the summits of which had the soft, round appearance of those in Scotland, were to be seen, here and there, lower down, patches of oats.

We now came to a house called Rockville, a property belonging to Mr. Butler, (a Protestant,) from Carlow. Here a beautiful English-looking village church, at the consecration of which 300 persons had lately attended, and school-house, had been newly built, and a residence for the clergyman, Mr. Lynch, is moreover in progress. In front of Mr. Butler's lawn and gardens was a small rocky eminence, on which from a slight flag-staff I saw revelling in pure air the British Union Jack, beneath which several children were gambolling. The young plantations were thriving very luxuriantly.

After trotting by six unroofed cabins, victims to the progress of the civilization that was striding around them, the country reverted to grouse-shooting hills, which again gradually changed into a vast extent of coarse, rank, sedgy grass, in which, as the road wound its serpentine course, not a habitation was to be seen. Behind it stood the Twelve Pins, looking perfectly barren. A little further on was another beautiful salt lake, an inland branch of the sea, of which we had a distant glimpse.

We now passed a house of modern form, surrounded by crops and woods. At four miles from Clifden, towards which our tired horse was slowly trotting, the road began gradually to descend until we entered a region of heather and furze, in which the flowers of the purple loosestrife and yellow rag-weed were so blended together that they appeared to spring from the same plant.

"That's beautiful! isn't it?" I observed to the driver, as we came rather suddenly in sight of a fine lake.

"Very handsome, indade, sir!" he replied.

In a solitary potato-field a stout woman, in a red petticoat and with bare ankles and feet, was stooping down digging potatoes; as we passed close to her she raised her uncovered head, from which hung a quantity of black shaggy hair, as wild as the mane of a Shetland pony. On the hill-side above her I observed an animal grazing.

"Will mules," said I to the driver, pointing towards it, "eat potatoes?"

"Oh yes!" he replied, with a grin: "they'll poke um up with their fate."

My friend's mouth now began to pucker up, and around each eye there gradually appeared such innumerable wrinkles of fun, that I saw I had unintentionally touched a ticklish point.

“ Oh, yea, sir,” he added, scarcely able to suppress laughter. “ Oich! yere Arn'r, they're the bloodiest rogues you ever see in yere life! They're mortal knowing, and you can niver depend on um. Gad! if ye mind um for twinty yares, they'll some day or night all of a sudden turn on ye and give ye a kick!”

We now entered Clifden, the principal town of that western highland portion of Ireland comprehended under the local names of Jar Connaught, Connemara, and Joyce Country, the whole being usually called Connemara, a district about 84 miles long and 20 in breadth, and comprehending upwards of 20 capacious harbours fit for the reception of vessels of any burden. The best land in Connemara is comprised in the neighbourhood around the town.

Leaving my carpet-bag at the hotel at which I had ordered dinner, for it was now past six o'clock, I walked to the union workhouse, (an enormous manufacturing-looking building of two rows, one behind the other, each row having twenty windows in front,) situated about two hundred yards from the termination of the main street, and, as I only wanted to see its inmates, I requested the master to assemble them at once in their respective yards. Their numbers were as follows:—

Able-bodied men, of whom only six were really			
fit to work, and boys above 15,	.	.	159
Able-bodied females above 15,	.	.	226
Infirm,	.	.	44
Boys below 15,	.	.	108
Girls do,	.	.	227
Nurses,	}	.	82
In hospital, &c.,		.	
Total,	.	.	846

At the entrance-gate I had observed two messenger-boys,

fifteen and sixteen years of age, with unusually handsome countenances, and I was surprised to learn that "they could get no work." The girls below fifteen, who were dressed in blue, without hats or shoes, appeared healthy, but very small; many of them had been in the house three or four years. The little boys below fifteen were, as I have before observed, fearfully diminutive. The women and girls above fifteen I found all standing in the yards, in a row, with their backs against the wall. Almost every one had an honest countenance, was clean, but all were bare-footed. The men and boys over fifteen, who, generally speaking, looked weak, were dressed in clothes so old, that they appeared to be on the confines of turning into rags.

The aged and infirm, principally women, formed, of course, a sad scene; and, as my brief observations were concluded, I was not sorry to get once again into the free air.

On walking towards the inn, I was surprised at the number of public buildings I could see. In front of me, inclining to the left, was Bridewell; not far from it, a comfortable house on an eminence, belonging to the parish priest; and on its right a Catholic chapel, the constabulary barrack, and, lastly, a court-house.

The town is composed of a principal street, straight, very broad, and about 120 yards in length, of houses of two and three stories high, and of another similar but curved street joining it at one end, at an angle of about 45 degrees. At the point of junction, I found seated on the ground several groups of women and girls, all in red petticoats, and white or striped shawls. Some wore caps, while the hair of the remainder hung loose on their shoulders, with nothing to keep it from dangling before their eyes but their ears, behind which a portion of it was more or less neatly packed or poked. Before each of them lay a quantity of fruit or dried fish in a

flat basket, but, as there was not in sight a single purchaser, patiently and cheerily they sat chattering in Irish, and looking into each other's eyes, taking not the slightest notice of me, although for a few minutes I stood among them noting their appearance in my book. Close to them, with a family of weights beneath it, was a large iron triangle, in charge of a sturdy man called a "craner," whose official duty—in consideration of a salary of 10*l.* a year, and a small payment for each article—consisted in weighing potatoes, corn, hay, straw, &c., for the whole community. Two of the constabulary, neatly dressed, were standing beside him. At their feet sat an extremely pretty, modest-looking young woman, in a ragged petticoat mended by, or rather composed of, patches, no one of which was as big as my hand. From her head, twisted into beautiful folds, hung an old blanket in rags and tatters. Close to her was a tiny circle of little children of about two or three years old, cheaply amusing themselves with a heap of dust. Below the street, at the end of the town, and at a considerable depth, lay a beautiful narrow lake or arm of the sea, called Ardhear Bay, on the opposite side of which green crops and oats were growing among rocks in small enclosures, bounded by dilapidated stone walls; and about two miles distant appeared Clifden Castle, to which a quantity of landed property in the neighbourhood is attached.

On returning to the town I entered into conversation with an exceedingly intelligent English farmer, who had lately purchased land in Connemara. He told me that the strong, rank, sedgy grass, which from its luxuriance had much attracted my attention, was fit only for rough Irish cattle or brood mares; in fact, that neither sheep nor English bullocks would touch it. And on my asking him why throughout the country I had that day passed I had scarcely seen any live stock he explained to me that on much of the property in the

neighbourhood, that had been lately purchased, there proved to be unexpected arrears of poor-rates, which the purchaser could not conveniently pay ; and, as he knew that if he stocked his land with cattle they would be seized, he allowed it, for the present, to remain without them.

The necessity for some means of facilitating the sale of encumbered estates had been apparent in Ireland for many years. The extravagant habits of the last century, the establishment of "middle-men" and of the cottier system, which converted the small tenant into a mere rent-producing animal, induced the formation of large family settlements, and thereby encouraged loans, for which estates, one after another, were mortgaged. In addition to all this, competition rents, the system of creating 40s. freeholders, of paying for land by labour, and the consequent result, namely, a state of barter and of low subsistence, produced altogether, early in the present century, a climax, the evil consequences of which the high prices of the war temporarily averted. At last, however, the hour of retribution arrived. Rents were necessarily diminished ; the cholera, the potato disease, and the famine consequent thereon, rendered the collection of these reduced rents impracticable ; and, at first, the creation of the poor-law, and, secondly, its extension to out-door relief, produced the inevitable effects of completely breaking down not only the landlord but the system on which he had lived. Many who had long been striving to compound, or to effect a sale on fair terms, were suddenly compelled to go into the market on any terms, and no sooner were they forced into this miserable emergency than they practically experienced, most keenly, the evils that in Ireland fettered the transfer of real property.

For instance, there were lands occupied on parliamentary titles, scarcely two hundred years old, so hampered in the

intricate meshes of the law that they could not pass through those of the Court of Chancery. The system of registry established in 1715 had become nearly useless, and it was therefore evident to all concerned—to buyers as well as to sellers—that nothing short of the creation by Parliament of a new court, almost as arbitrary as that (the Court of Claims) which had originally given the titles, would suffice to remove the embarrassments in which all were involved.

The benefits conferred upon Ireland, and indeed upon English and Scotch purchasers, by the Encumbered Estates Act, have proved almost incalculable.

Seven hundred and seventy-two properties, or parts of properties, have already been sold to 2335 new proprietors, for no less than 7,215,000*l.* The greater part of these sales have been so small that only ten have exceeded 20,000*l.* each. Several of the purchasers had been the tenants of the very lands on which, under the old system, they were before starving, and which they had been struggling to cultivate. Others are persons who have realized, in trade and in professional labour, fortunes they were desirous to expend on land—some are mortgagees—several English or Scotch settlers. And thus, although all must regret to see old properties broken up, old families dispersed, and ancestral mansions deserted, it cannot be denied that the unavoidable change that has been effected is highly advantageous, most especially as compared with the laws, habits, customs, and state of society it succeeded. In common justice to the unfortunate proprietors who, under the operation of the new Act, have been summarily obliged to sell, it should, however, be recollected that for the erroneous system of their forefathers—the result of circumstances rather than of guilt—they ought not to be held answerable; that this system they had no power to alter; and, lastly, that the blow which eventually felled them to the

ground was an extraordinary dispensation of Providence—a simultaneous visitation on animal and vegetable life they could not have foreseen, and which it was utterly out of their power to avert.

The actual effect of the famine in Ireland, even merely as it regards population, it is not very easy to calculate. By the last census the population of Ireland amounted in that year to 8,175,124. Reckoning by its previous average advance, it had probably in 1845 increased to, say 8,500,000 (but for this there can be only conjecture, and the computation above stated). In 1851 the population was found to have sunk to 6,515,794. In round numbers half of this diminution may, I have reason to believe, be set down to foreign emigration, 150,000 or 200,000 to immigration to England, and the remainder to a diminution of births, owing partly to the emigrants having been in the prime of life, and partly to the effects of the famine, which, although it did not actually prove fatal to as many as is usually supposed, not only forced and frightened many of those most likely to have children to emigrate, (leaving behind the aged and infirm members of their families,) but by poverty diminished the marriages and fecundity of those who remained.

At half-past nine o'clock at night I walked to the barrack of the constabulary, composed of one sub-inspector, (a Protestant,) who having just returned from a long journey was in bed, one head-constable, (a Protestant,) two constables, (Catholics,) and sixteen sub-constables, of whom thirteen were Catholics and three Protestants.

From the head-constable I ascertained that, at a cost of 2300*l.*, there had just been constructed in the town a substantial Protestant church; and that for another, to be erected on the opposite side of the Bay, 600*l.* had already been collected. He informed me that "no crime of importance had

been committed in the neighbourhood for the last twelve months."

FOURTH DAY.

At seven o'clock in the morning I started edgeways—until I got tired I involuntarily, invariably, and unceasingly grumbled at this awkward attitude—from Clifden, with a new driver, and a long-stepping, nearly thorough-bred, bay horse, sound, six years old, and called, as the man at my back told me, "Ballinasloe," because he had been bought there—and I may add, as a fact of greater importance than his name—for eleven pounds.

On each side of us, as we trotted along, were low, stony hills, covered with a mixture of heather and sedgy grass, before us a range of higher ones, on the summit of which soft, white, watery clouds were reposing. We now passed four substantial cabins unroofed, and I felt my flesh creep as I saw exuding from one of them a slight smoke, thus denoting, as I soon discovered, but too truly, that the lone sepulchre was still haunted by the living inmates who had been evicted from it. After traversing a splendid snipe-level, we passed, at its extremity, another unroofed cabin, on the floor of which, as we drove by, I saw, in full bloom and luxuriance, the beautiful purple loosestrife. On our left, and apparently close to us, was that magnificent assemblage of mountains round which we had been travelling, namely, the Benna Beola, or Twelve Pins. In front were the Cashel Hills, on the right that of Erespeak. Close to us, on a small, dark-coloured level, were four women, in bleached red petticoats and white shawls, arranging peat in heaps.

As we proceeded, we came to two beautiful, small, placid lakes, from which there were rising such a quantity of rushes,

that the colour of the surface formed a series of gradual alternations from green to white water, and *vice versa*. Around were heaps or tumuli of black peat.

As we were steadily trotting by the side of a small lake, called Darlie, there stood, close to its edge, a solitary, melancholy-looking, unroofed cabin.

"A great number of poor people," said I to the driver, as, twisting my neck, I turned half way towards him, "appear to have been turned out of this country."

"A good dale, sir!" he replied, keeping his eye fixed steadily on his horse.

"Do you think the new system will answer?"

"I do, yere Arn'r! Until the last five or six years they niver had a grane (grain) crop in this county."

"Have you lived all your life in this neighbourhood?"

"Indade I have, sir. They are taking great pathron (pattern) from the gintlemen who are coming into this counthry. All the papele (people) wants is a little instruction."

"Of what description?" I inquired.

"Yere Arn'r! they didn't know how to reclaim their lands. When these English gintlemen came into the counthry, and they saw how *they* were draining their land and digging it up, they took pathron from them, and are now improving every other thimselves."

"How have you been living?" I inquired.

"For eleven years in the hotil. In summer I drive the car to support four of us. In winter we have nothing to do. Divil a hap'orth can we gain."

We here met a fine bare-headed boy riding behind two panniers full of peat on a horse with a straw crupper, and, in lieu of one of Wilkinson and Kid's double bridles, a straw halter.

"The potatoes," I observed to my driver as I pointed to

the black-topped leaves of a small quantity growing by the roadside, "seem to be failing a good deal."

"Yes, they did!" he replied.

After passing a few small patches of oats and potatoes, we came to another great expanse of rough, sedgy grass, on the left of which, towering close above us, at an average altitude of 2300 feet above the sea, were Bencullagh, Benhaun, Bencorr, and Benlettery, the finest portion of the Twelve Pins. A little boy had been running close behind the car for upwards of a mile. When he commenced to do so, I shook my hand, and, looking very sternly at him, said, "No! no!" To get rid of him, however, I at last held out to him a penny, which I conceived to be the object that was uppermost in his mind—in fact, the locomotive engine that was propelling him. His little fingers grasped mine as he took it, but, instead of triumphantly relaxing, as I expected he would, into a walk, he continued running about ten feet from us for more than another mile; in short, he was sociably disposed, and, like most people, preferred travelling in company to journeying alone; indeed, from this social feeling, my car was often followed for miles by boys, and occasionally by little girls.

On our left I now saw a small house, surrounded by a tiny field of oats, the property of a man, Adams, who had been severely reduced by the famine. On the roadside, covered with a rude garment exactly of the colour of earth, sat a remarkably fine-looking woman of about forty, knitting and minding four cows. After passing her, we suddenly saw beneath us, sparkling in the sun, a most beautiful, large, long serpentine lake, called Ballynahinch, studded with small islands, on one of which were the picturesque ruins of an ancient castle.

"That's auld Dick Martin's!" said my driver, pointing

towards it with his whip: "ut was the prison," he added, "where he confined pable that were cruel to animals."

"But whereabouts," I asked, "did old Dick Martin live himself?"

"I'll show yere Arn'r immediately!" he replied; and accordingly, in about one hundred yards, he pointed to *two* large residences, more than a mile from each other, both partly concealed from view by the wood that clothes the whole of the southern boundary of the water. Of these handsome-looking edifices, one was the house and the other the stables of the late Mr. Martin. The latter building, however, as is but too often the case, had ruined the former. The proprietor of both unfortunately became ruined, lost a property extending from his house to Oughterard, a distance of twenty-five miles; and his daughter, a lady of considerable literary attainments, alas! died on her passage to America.

The Lake of Ballynahinch communicates on the north with Loughs Inagh and Derryclare, the eastern boundary of the Benna Beola, or Twelve Pin Mountains; and the surplus waters of all three flow from Ballynahinch through the deep and ample channel of the Owenmore River into Round-stone Harbour, and from it into the great Atlantic Ocean.

As we were trotting along the bank of the bright, lovely lake on our right, we overtook a car on which were three English tourists, forming altogether a pleasing picture of a happy family. On the left bench sat two young men in wide-awake hats and shooting jackets, one holding a landing-net, the other a rod in several lengths bound together by little straps. On the opposite bench was a very old, hale gentleman—apparently the father—sitting erect, with his fishing-rod, longer than a Cossack's lance, pointing to his zenith. Close by his side sat a useful, bare-headed, ragged little boy, with red, naked feet and ankles dangling against the drab-col-

oured, gaiter-covered calves of his aged neighbour's long, lean legs. In the middle of the whole, bolt upright, sat the driver. I need hardly say they were on a fishing excursion, for which the neighbourhood of Ballynahinch has long been celebrated. The lake of that name, as we journeyed along its picturesque banks, appeared to be upwards of two miles in length by about a half or a quarter of a mile in breadth, and at its extremity we took leave of those twelve pins, around two sides of which, from north to south and then from west to east, we had so long been trotting. As we were proceeding alongside of a river on our right, we passed, on a lonely, desolate road, an extremely beautiful, bare-footed girl of about seventeen, whose hair, unrestrained even by her ears, was hanging in a state of perfect nature on her shoulders. On her back was a bundle, and in her right hand, which was vibrating easily by her side, there swung a very small bonnet. Altogether she was a fine specimen of the Connemara peasantry, considered to be the tallest and handsomest in Ireland. The river now introduced us to another long, beautiful lake, full of little islands from one hundred yards in length to a single black rock protruding from the water. Most of these romantic islands were covered with wood; and we had scarcely taken leave of them all, when we trotted by the side of another square lough called Garroman, or Glendalough, upwards of a mile in length by half a mile in breadth, in which were two rocky islands, ornamented with brushwood of various shades of green. In a very short distance we came to two other lakes, at the extremity of which was an unroofed cabin, the only representative of a human habitation in sight. Near it stood, alone and all forlorn, a finger-post, on which was the name of a branch road.

"What is written on that?" I unkindly inquired of my driver, who had remained silent, I thought, rather too long.

"I don't read, yere Arn'r !" was his reply.

After ascending a slight acclivity,—the termination of the district of Connemara,—there suddenly appeared, lying prostrate before us, Lough Lindy, bounded at a distance by a wild group of magnificent-looking, high, conical mountains. We here met two bare-footed, bare-headed boys, riding on a horse with a straw halter. On the left of this lake was a whitewashed building, which from its shape (for they have almost all been built on the same plan) I instantly recognised to be a constabulary barrack. Beyond it, at intervals, were three other whitewashed houses, the only habitations in sight.

On entering the barrack, the windows of which were wide open, the walls milk-white, and the floors as clean as a kitchen dresser, I found one constable (a Protestant) and four sub-constables, (Catholics,) all as neat, as closely shaved, as tightly buttoned up, and with accoutrements as well appointed, as if they had been on guard at St. James's Palace.

The constable, an exceedingly fine, handsome, well-behaved, intelligent-looking young man, of about twenty-nine years of age, who had been at that station two years and seven months, told me that he and his party could get no provisions from the surrounding country; and that, accordingly, they obtained their groceries from Galway, thirty-six miles off,* and the rest from Clifden, distant in the opposite direction fourteen miles (English).

"Can't you get *potatoes* here?" I observed.

"No!" he replied; "we cannot get a ha'porth of any thing else." After a moment's reflection he added, "Milk, and that's very dear—that's the only thing we can obtain. For

* They could purchase them, he said, at Oughterard, but at exorbitant prices.

our mate, butter, and fish, we send to Clifden. On Friday the men generally eat milk and butter."

"But can't you get fish out of the lake?" said I, pointing with my umbrella to the beautiful expanse of water before us.

"No, sir!" he replied, very gravely; "we're not allowed to fish. I wish," he added, with a pleasing smile, "*I wish we were!*"

The words seemed to stab me like a sword. For many hours I had been almost solitarily gazing upon an expanse of water which, although beautifully subdivided into endless variety, appeared to form very nearly half of this desolate but magnificent portion of Connemara. By the beneficent arrangements of Providence this extensive aqueous district was, of course, more or less teeming with fish.

Now, it was easy to comprehend that it may be highly advisable that the constabulary of Ireland, whose discipline it is so necessary to maintain, should, especially in their remote stations, be discouraged, or, in strict military parlance, should be forbidden, from cultivating gardens, killing game, or catching fish—amusements which would inevitably divert their time, and distract their attention from the vigilant, important, and unceasing duties they have to perform. And yet, when I listened to the words I have just repeated, and observed the truth, obedience, and self-command with which they were expressed, I own I felt a pang, which it required a few moments' reflection to convert into indescribable admiration of the man who had uttered them, and of the general discipline of the force of which he was a worthy representative.

"How's the climate here in winter?" I inquired of him.

"Very wet and very rough," he replied.

"Have you much frost?"

"No," said he; "there's very little frost or snow in Connemara; it is, I think, too near the sea."

"Is it healthy?"

"Very, sir," he replied; "but," after a short pause, he added, very gravely, "there is no place of worship. I have not been in one for two years and a half. The other men have one within three miles."

On the table, at which I sat copying in my book his words as fast as he pronounced them, there was lying his bible.

"You have got *that*," said I, "at all events; and with it, and a consciousness that you are performing your duty, you should try to rest satisfied;" and I then explained to him how many of our soldiers and sailors were occasionally similarly situated.

"What you say is very true, sir!" he replied, with an aspiration amounting very nearly to a sigh.

Just before we had stopped at the barrack we had met a young, well-dressed Englishman walking along the road. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the lake, was his beautiful farm, with a residence surrounded by trees. At the end of the lake we passed close by a small slated house, with offices, environed by trees growing luxuriantly—the residence, I was informed, of Mr. Tiger, (a Protestant,) of Dublin.

"What is the price of provisions in this country?" I inquired of the driver, who readily replied as follows:—

"Chickuns are about 5d. a couple, ducks 10d. A couple of young gaise 10d.; when auld, not less than 1s or 14d."

"And turkeys?" I asked.

"I can't say; we havn't many of thim in the counthry, and I don't want to tell yere Arn'r a lie. Fish, little or nothing. A large turbot, of 30 lbs. weight, for 3s. Lobsters, a dozen for 4d. Soles, 2d. or 3d. a piece. T'other day I bought a

turbot, of 15 lbs. weight, for a gentleman, and I paid 18d. for ut."

We here met a boy with a book in his hand, and shortly afterwards two more, going to Mr. Tiger to school.

"Has yere Arn'r ever sane an agle?" said my driver, pointing to a magnificent pair of brown eagles chained to a post close to a house we were now passing. "There was a pair," he added, "of um on that island, that lived there one hundred years, till they gort quite gray. They grab fish in the middle of the lake, and, when too heavy, I've sane 'em put up a wing like a sail, and bring it ashore."

"Have you *really* seen them do that?" I Pickwickianly inquired.

"I *did*, sir!" he replied; "and then they ate it."

As he was speaking, a large heron, with white body and quaker-gray wings, majestically rose from the lake-shore, and, with its long neck pointing to its course, away it slowly flew.

"Now take yereself away out o' that!" exclaimed the driver, very sharply, to a pretty little girl of about thirteen years of age that was running behind us.

The lake now branched into two more, separated from each other by a small, serpentine, silver thread of water, and the country then changed into a great expanse of flat, snipey ground, covered with rank, sedgy grass, intermingled more or less with heather; in a short time we drove up to a solitary post-house, called Flyn's Hotel, a low, irregular-shaped, whitewashed building, surrounded by dilapidated stone walls, enclosing sometimes something of very little value, and sometimes nothing but loose stones. Altogether it was the wildest-looking spot I had seen for a long time; indeed, it much reminded me of a Gaucho's hut in South America.

Behind it was the extensive grassy land we had just prased. Before it a beautiful lake, called Shindilla, studded

with islands covered with wood. Immediately on the left was the termination of the Foyne mountains, the summits of which were so bald, barren, and bleak, that it was evident at a glance that the whole range would not afford sustenance for a mouse. Beyond the lake were distant hills covered with heather.

Just as I was starting with a fresh horse, car, and driver, I heard a voice close before my knees say, "I suspect yere Arn'r wull not forget the arsler?"

"What?" I inquired. The driver explained to me it was the horsler.

The lovely lake Shindilla, and two others with which it is connected by isthmuses and bridges, are above three miles in length. We here came to a white house, the office of Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, agent to the great London Insurance Company, by whom almost the whole of the surrounding country has been lately purchased, and yet since we had left Clifden I had scarcely seen any stock.

As we were driving through an immense plain of rough grass and heather,

"Do you live in that place where we changed cars?" I inquired of my driver, who had the appearance of being rather a dull companion.

"I do, sir," he replied.

"Were you *born* there?"

"I was, indade, your Arn'r!" he replied with a yawn. "I work at the shovel. I can mow, or rape, or any thing."

"Where do you go to church?"

"At —," (I could not copy the sound, for it appeared to be composed merely of a common cough and bark in about equal proportions,) "tin miles off ixactly."

"How often?" I asked.

"Once a wake, sometimes once a fortnight."

"How many people attend?"

"Oich!" he replied, "there's a great dale."

"But how *many*?" I asked.

"Oich! I couldn't till, yere Arn'r; there'd be a gaight number."

"What do you live on?"

"Pitatur, milk, and butter. In summer I ate bread."

"Did you suffer much during the famine?"

"And indade I did *not*, thank God!"

At five miles from Shandilla, from which we had started, we came to some patches of oats, growing by the side of a small lake; and, after passing a solitary cabin, another beautiful lake, about a mile long, surrounded on all sides by grouse-shooting hills, gradually came in view. We here met a small boy and two little girls. "God bless yere Arn'r!" said the former as he ravenously picked up a penny I had thrown to him.

As the roan horse trotted steadily onwards, we passed on our right along a sedgy, snipey strip, composed sometimes of green and yellow grass, and sometimes of water. At seven miles from Shandilla we came to seven or eight cabins, surrounded by several patches of oats and potatoes, and shortly afterwards the narrow stream beside us ended in a lake half a mile long, terminating in a small village, which my driver told me was called "Durrarglin." I here found, nearly finished, a substantial stone, slated building, of four windows in front, a Protestant school, and shortly afterwards, trotting through a congregation of sixteen huts, called Glenrowlen, where our eyes were refreshed by the sight of about a dozen women in red petticoats, we emerged from the mountains into, comparatively speaking, a flat country of heather and coarse grass. In it, at some distance on the right, appeared two white buildings and slight machinery, in the immediate

vicinity of some lead mines, worked by about forty or fifty people.

The day was beautifully soft and cloudy, and as we drove through a dead snipe-flat about three-quarters of a mile long, we met a horse and cart ; and at nine and a half miles from Shandilla, after ascending a slight acclivity, we suddenly beheld an immense open country of poor land, bounded by that great inland sea, Lough Corrib, which, by a river of the same name, is connected with the maritime town and harbour of Galway.

On the north, Lough Corrib has lately been made to communicate with the great Lough Mask ; and as it will be evident to the reader that the three districts of Jar Connaught, Joyce's Country, and Connemara, are singularly mixed up with, as well as bounded by, inland lakes of immense extent, a few observations on the subject may be deemed necessary.

In a climate so humid as Ireland, drainage is an indispensable preliminary to agricultural improvement, but to render practicable that description of minor field drainage which is effected by straightening and deepening water-courses, &c., it is indispensable that proper outfalls should be provided ; and here the geological structure of the country comes in the way. Ireland, as is well known, consists of a great limestone district extending over the whole centre of the island, the edges being almost every where upheaved by primary rocks. Many outlets are thus turned aside, and thus the central district, which occupies two-thirds of the country, lies stagnant for want of a discharge of its waters. The limestone in the interior is further distorted, and formed into basins, which, in some cases, discharge into or through each other, and in others have no discharge, but are either filled with extensive bog deposits, or, as in the counties of Mayo and Galway, form absolute lakes,

called turloughs,* (land-lakes,) which occasionally, in very dry seasons, are emptied partially, and very irregularly, through subterranean channels in the cavernous limestone on which they rest.

To open these basins—to clear away obstructions in the rivers—and thus permit the free discharge of pent-up waters of the interior into large rivers or into the sea—is, therefore, indispensable to the successful operation of the land improvement, and this the Government has undertaken, under authority of the Acts for arterial drainage.

A remarkable and very successful case has lately been the subject of public attention at Galway. A rain catchment-basin—i. e., the district bounded by the water-shed line of the hills whose drainages run into it—contains the extensive lakes Mask and Corrib, which, together, are about thirty miles long by ten in breadth, being separated from each other only by a tongue of land three miles wide. Into this basin others open, the aggregate extent being 780,000 acres. Now, although all the waters of this enormous district were thus received into Loughs Mask and Corrib, and found their way into the sea at Galway, the connection between the two great lakes above named, was by subterranean channels only. Moreover, while the discharge from Lough Corrib to the sea, distant about five miles, was, for the greater part, sluggish for want of a fall, the remainder was a rapid.

To effect the discharge of the waters of the upper into the lower lake, and of the accumulated waters of both into the sea, was the main and first object; and yet, as if to complicate the problem, it was evidently necessary, for the purposes of navigation, to maintain sufficient water in the lakes and connecting rivers.

* From *THE LAND*; and *LOWER LAKE*.

Now, it was found that the first object (drainage) would be sufficiently effected by keeping the lakes at the summer level the whole year round; but that below that limit the waters could not be reduced without destroying the navigation. The calculation and arrangements for simultaneously attaining both objects were the result of long and careful observations made by the Board of Works on the fall of rain and other circumstances, and, much to the credit of that important department, the requisite works are now nearly complete.

Lough Mask will now be made to communicate with the Lower Lake by a canal passing over cavernous limestone, which, being as porous as a sponge or coral, must be stanchd or made water-tight, that it may be always full for navigation. The surplus discharge for drainage will be secured by a side-cut separate from the subterranean passage above described.

On the late visit of the Lord-Lieutenant (the Earl of Eglinton) to Galway, the canal between Corrib and the sea was opened by the Viceroy in person.

Loans for the arterial drainage of Ireland, as above described, have been granted to the amount of about 2,000,000*l*.

This expenditure, which is on a larger scale than individuals could defray, is made, in the first instance, entirely by the Board of Works, for the evident reason that it affects the interests of numerous proprietors, which could only be disinterestedly guarded by peculiar powers.

The advantages will be as follows:—

1. With respect to drainage, the upper and flooded lands of Ireland will be relieved, and the means of thorough drainage placed within the reach of the landed proprietors.
2. In regard to navigation, the greatest lakes will become accessible from the sea and from each other.

3. Mill-power will not only be scientifically regulated and be made more constant at all seasons, but will considerably be increased.
4. Fisheries will become more profitable to capitalists, and consequently productive of increased food for man.
5. Besides the direct benefits above enumerated, the expenditure of the loan must create an industrial school of skilled labourers, and the pauper will thus be trained to improved habits, to the use of improved instruments, and to improved modes of working.

The drainage loans are to be repaid by the proprietors, on the security of the lands improved; but when, as in the case of Lake Corrib, navigation and mill-power are combined with drainage, one-half of the cost of the project is made a free grant, and the other half charged to the county-rates.

Pointing to a hand-post we were passing, my driver said, "That, you see, is the road to Knock."

"And where did you learn to read?" I inquired.

"At home, at my own place," he replied.

Crossing the dark bog-coloured water of the River Fough, which runs into the adjoining Lough Corrib, we now entered the village or little town of Oughterard, at the commencement of which stands a small cottage, known as "Martin's Gate House," being the commencement of the immense property formerly held by the proprietor of that name. In driving along a street containing shops and a few two-storied houses, we passed a large, handsome Catholic church with a tower and entrance like a cathedral, a stone court-house of five windows in front, and a very new capacious Protestant church, in the interesting state of being enlarged. There is also at a distance a long line of military barracks for 150 men, a bridewell, and lastly an inn and post-office kept by a Mr. O'Flaherty. I here ordered a fresh horse and car, and while

they were getting ready I walked a short distance to the constabulary barrack : its force was composed of a sub-inspector, (absent on duty,) one head-constable, (Roman Catholic,) one acting ditto, (Protestant,) one mounted constable, (Catholic,) eight sub-constables, of whom two were Protestants, and six Catholics.

The head-constable, who had been at the station for four years, informed me that little or no crime was committed in the neighbourhood ; " that the offences were trivial and very rare, and that during the last six months nothing of consequence had occurred." As a proof of the honesty of the people of the country, he added that few houses in the neighbourhood had either bolt, bar, or shutters. " Before and during the elections," he observed, " there were some petty disturbances between the lower order of Catholics and Protestants, and in the month of May last there was in the village a mission of both religions, and during *that* time, had it not been for constant vigilance by day and by night, there would probably have been serious disturbances. Windows were broken, but now these angry feelings have almost entirely subsided."

He also informed me that about four or five months ago a great many evictions had taken place in the neighbourhood, principally on the Martin property, 170,000 acres, lately purchased by a London Life Insurance Company ; that he had to attend at all these evictions, but that " there was no resistance or trouble of any sort."

" What became of the people evicted ?" I inquired.

" They went," he replied, " to the workhouse, to America, England, or wherever they could get employment."

" Did they commit any depredations during their distress ?" I asked.

" They did not, *indeed*, sir !" he replied.

"What do you pay for your tea and sugar here?" I inquired.

"Very dare, air," he replied. "We pay 5s. for tea, 5d. for brown sugar, and 8d. for white; that is, if we buy a single pound."

The whole constabulary establishment was in admirable order, the men's equipments were all shining, and the brass scales on the shoulders of the mounted constable literally shone like burnished gold.

What a moral example of cleanliness, order, and obedience must the 1500 constabulary barracks offer to the people among whom they are every where located! Indeed, as a pleasing proof how much this "*Force*" is respected, I may state that it is a common practice for poor persons to come to the head-constable to settle any little pecuniary disagreements between them, instead of incurring the expense of going to law.

On a slight eminence outside the village, the head-constable showed me, in a field, two buildings, as white as snow, one a national, and the other a Protestant school; he told me that about two miles off there had, moreover, been lately constructed another Protestant school.

In the market-place were a number of women, one in red tatters that completely defied description.

I also observed there several pigs in tandem form; that is to say, their owners were driving them in pairs, each couple being matrimonially tied together by a long straw band, but during certain paroxysms that occasionally occur in all descriptions of wedlock, which was leader, and which was wheeler, it was sometimes for a moment or two exceedingly difficult correctly to declare.

From the market I went to the workhouse, a very large, new building, hardly completed. In it were 795 poor, of

whom there were very few men that could really be termed able-bodied. The general appearance of the various classes was very nearly what I have already repeatedly described. By the master I was informed that on the 1st of January last the number of inmates was 972, but that on the 29th of June he had, in consequence of evictions, no less than 1475, of whom 680 had since emigrated or managed to find employment. Of the amount of out-door relief administered by the Board of Guardians of the Union the master could give me no information whatever.

Previous to the passing of the Poor Law Act in 1839, there was no legal provision for the poor in Ireland; and, indeed, that Act strictly confined relief to the walls of the workhouse in which the infirm, aged, and destitute were to be received. In consequence of the famine, out-door relief, which it was necessary to legalize by the extension Act of 1847, was administered, in the first instance, by a gigantic system of what were misnamed "Public Works."

At this labour, often nearly useless, the poor in winter suffered severely, and, as there was no food in many parts of the country, money-wages soon became comparatively useless. The system, therefore, was succeeded by one of direct relief, for the legalization of which there was passed a new Act that still continues, and which, in fact, forms the present Poor Law of Ireland, the expenditure and relief of which has, since 1840, been as follows:—

Year.	No. of Unions.	Expenditure.	No. of Paupers.
1840	4	£ 37,057	10,910
1841	37	110,278	31,108
1846	129	435,001	243,933
1847	130	803,686	417,139

Year.	No. of Unions.	Expenditure.	No. of Paupers.
1848	131	1,835,634	610,563
1849	131	2,177,651	932,284
1850	163	1,430,108	805,702
1851	163	1,110,892	708,450

The numbers relieved under the Poor Law system in 1848 and 1849 were 1,433,042 and 1,210,482. Throughout the whole of Ireland there are now 163 Poor Law unions, comprehending 3439 electoral divisions.

I now returned to the inn, where I found waiting for me a car that had once been black, a new driver in a hat that appeared to have been severely crunched, and a little, lean, wiry, thorough-bred pony, wearing a straw collar, a bridle with only one winker, and a belly-band loose enough to have admitted a child's body. On assuming my seat, with my eyes as usual exactly at right angles to the line of draught, I was accosted by two or three beggars.—“Dis yere Arn'r want a lobster,” exclaimed to me a very fine-looking woman of about thirty, “beautiful, jumping, and alive?”—and as there was nothing in their appearance or language that happened to strike my fancy, I said to the driver, “Now then, my man!” At the little horse's head I had observed a man standing, apparently as if to prevent his starting forward too hastily. I soon found, however, that it was diametrically for the opposite purpose, for as soon as the little creature received a slight touch of the whip, instead of taking me, as I desired, eastward, he began to back due west. Off jumped the driver, and, with his round, red face towards the occident, he pulled at the bridle with all his force, and, in an instant, the car was surrounded by men, women—lobster included—and children, all of whom had either something to exclaim, or something to prescribe. In the centre of the joyful group, for every body

looked delighted, I sat, like *Patience* on a monument, smiling, not so much at Grief as at the eager, earnest, prescribing faces that surrounded me. What happened to the wiry little horse I can hardly say, as so many folks, all at the same time, were pinching, poking, or violently abusing him; however, all of a sudden the dose, whatever it was, became at last more than he could bear; accordingly he plunged forwards, and then, as if he wanted to run away, proceeded at such a pace that I feared the driver would let go the reins. He, however, managed to jump on the low seat at my back, and then, gradually slackening the little animal's impetuous career, we soon sobered down to a steady trot.

"He's a little tinder, yere Arn'r!" which I afterwards ascertained to mean that he had an exceedingly sore shoulder; however, when once he was off, his spirit was so great and so good, that he apparently cared nothing at all about it.

On our left was apparently the sea. It was, however, Lough Corrib, in length rather greater than the distance between Dover and Calais.

"There are 366 islands on ut, yere Arn'r!" said my driver, pointing at this noble expanse of water with a whip not worth three-halfpence. "There's an island over for every day in the year!"

In about a mile and a half we came to fine large fields of wheat, oats, barley, and of green crops, in the centre of which stood an extensive English-looking farmyard and buildings, belonging to Mr. O'Flaherty—the whole enclosed by new substantial stone walls. On the left were the ruins of the Castle of Aghnanure, in feudal times the residence of the chief O'Flaherty, among which survives a yew-tree, said to be more than a thousand years old.

At this point the driver descended from the car, and, begging me to follow him, we left our impetuous little horse on

the road entirely by himself, and proceeded some distance on our left to a natural bridge, composed of a stratum of limestone, under which a considerable stream was rushing. On one side I observed a mass of rich-coloured bog-water rapidly but calmly approaching what appeared to be an impenetrable wall of solid rock; on the other side I beheld it escaping out of utter darkness, head over heels, frightened, apparently, almost into fits at the unusual, strange, and unaccountable catastrophe that had befallen it.

"Very honest pable here, yere Arn'r!" said my driver, as, on our return to the car, he pointed to my umbrella, carpet-bag, and blanket-poncho, all remaining in it exactly as we had left them. On resuming my seat, I own I expected once again, against my will, to migrate towards the Far West, but the sensible little horse knew that—between two mangers—he had better proceed, and so off he trotted.

"How many children are there at your school?" I inquired of a little girl, who, with a book in her hand, had for some time been running close to me.

"Och! there's a large lot of um!" she replied.

"But how *many*?" I repeated.

"Sure! I couldn't count um, yere Arn'r!" was the answer.

We now passed a woman in a red petticoat and plaid, heavily laden with a creel or basket of peat, lying diagonally along her back.

"The women are graight slaves in this counthry, yere Arn'r: they carry loads as would do for horses. They do well in *Ameriky*."

"Do many of them go there?" I inquired.

"A grate dale!" he replied.

"Which do they like best?" I asked, "England or America?"

"Those," he answered, "that havn't got the manes must go to England to earn um."

"Fine turf this," I observed, pointing to a quantity piled in black heaps, about 100 yards off.

"Och!" he replied, with an arch smile, "there's plenty o' turf and water in Ireland. Ireland's a fine counthry, but the warnt of pitaturs and the poor-rates are ruining ut. A marn with a long family can't get on at a'; pitaturs are the things to support a counthry!"

At three miles and a half from Oughterard we came to a fine plantation of fir, oak, larch, and beech, enclosed with a stone wall cemented by lime, extending more than a mile and a half, with handsome iron entrance-gates, belonging to Mr. Martin, of Ross, (a Protestant,) whose park appeared quite equal to any thing of the sort in England. Around it were fields of turnips, oats, barley, wheat, and here and there, as the memorial of a departed system, an unroofed cabin. On the right the vale was bounded by heather hills.

"That's the latter ind of Mr. Martin of Ross's istate, yere Arn'r," said my driver, pointing to an angle in the high wall on our left; "and now here's the commincement o' the phroperty of Mr. Anthony O'Flaherty (a Roman Catholic) of Knockbane."

At this point we met one of Bianconi's (usually, in Ireland, called Biancoŋy) jovial and well-appointed cars, on one side of which sat very comfortably together, like a couple of hooded crows on a rail, two fine, ruddy, powerful-looking priests; next to them were two English tourist ladies; then, of course, two tourist young gentlemen; and, on the opposite bench, dos-à-dos to priests, ladies, and Co., half-a-dozen more of Her Majesty's subjects, all evidently in search of the picturesque.

"What a pity it is," said I to my driver, thinking, as it

were, aloud, "that Catholics and Protestants in Ireland can't pull together!"

"There should be no animosity 'atween um," said the clerk at my back in amen reply to the extempore sermon I had just preached to him; "ivery man ought to go his own way peaceably till the day of judgment."

At five miles from Oughterard we saw, on our left, the Lake of Ross, which appeared to be about two miles and a half long, and on our right a mixture of heather and stones.

"There's a fine lime-kiln, yere Arn'r," said my driver, pointing to one before us, "for putting out lime on thim bogs."

In half a mile we came to the property of O'Flaherty, (a Protestant,) whose lofty, lime-cemented park wall—in which there was a very handsome entrance-gate—extended about two miles. Within it, among trees, I saw large spaces covered with waving corn, which a gang of reapers were busily cutting. On the right was a national school, from which, as we passed it, were exuding a number of healthy-looking children, dressed either in red petticoats or in corduroy jackets and trowsers. Several of them—principally little girls thirteen or fourteen years of age—began to run close to the tail of our car, and for more than a mile, scarcely panting, they continued, up hill and down hill, with merry faces and light tread, to run over a hard road, on parts of which the sharp stones of Mr. M'Adam had been newly laid. As they were doing so I kept my eyes carefully on their countenances, and I can truly say that the jagged metal did not, in the slightest degree, affect the pleasing, innocent smile that, unsullied even by a cloud of momentary pain, testified to the sport they were enjoying.

It is no use any longer trying to conceal the fact that during my short tour in Ireland my prejudices against bare

ankles and naked feet were considerably softened; indeed, there can be no doubt that there is a freshness in this costume of Nature that cannot belong to a fine fashionable gown, which, from sweeping the ground, and from being tightly bandaged round the waist, forms a splendid unventilated palace, in which the architect has forgotten to insert either chimney, staircase, door, or window!

"Yere Arn'r," said my driver to me, "ought to have been in Galway last week. The Lord Liftinant was there for three or four days."

"And how did he get on?" said I.

"There was grate rejoicement," he replied. "Och! he's a simple-looking gintleman!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"A plain marn, yere Arn'r, and no afflictation. He'll be apt to do some sarvice to Ireland. He went out on the salt say and come up on the canal, and the roads were a' crowded, yere Arn'r, with men, women, and chilthren."

We next came to the park of Mr. Kilkelly, (a Catholic,) of Drimcong, the wall of which for nearly a mile and a half bounded the road on one side, and then to the park wall of Davesfield, the property of Mr. Burke, (a Catholic,) extending about two miles and a half, and shaded on both sides of the road by beautiful plantations.

We now entered Moycullen, a small village containing a large Roman Catholic chapel, blessed with a congregation, from all quarters, of about 200 persons; also a national school, two stories high, with five windows in front.

In the constabulary barracks are quartered one constable, (a Catholic,) and five sub-constables, (three Catholics and two Protestants.)

"Have these stairs been just planed?" I inquired of the constable.

"No, sir; only cleaned," he replied.

They, as well as the floor of the rooms and table, had been scrubbed till they were literally almost white. The constable wore his side-arms; his men, as usual, were dressed as for parade.

After seating myself at the table of his room, "What is the population of this village?" I inquired.

"Seventy," he replied; "there are about fourteen or fifteen families."

"Sit down, sergeant," I said to him, pointing to a chair close to him.

"No, I thank ye, sir, I'll just stand," was his reply, remaining perfectly erect.

"Whence do you get your provisions?"

"From Galway," ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles off,) he answered; "we get from thence grocery, meat, every thing except potatoes and turf. When we are buying beef we get it about three times a month, so as to have it half fresh and half corned; but beef is scarce, and we have therefore bought a fitch of bacon for the entire of this month."

"What is your principal duty here?" I asked.

He replied, "In escorting prisoners from Connemara and Oughterard districts to Galway county jail."

"Has there been much crime here?" I inquired.

"Excepting a few cases of drunkenness, no offences for some time. Nothing can be more peaceable and tranquil than this neighbourhood."

As it appears from the above statement of the constable that drunkenness is one of the offences that has been occasionally brought before him, I feel it right to state that, up to the period of my arrival at Oughterard, I had not, in Ireland, excepting in the police-cell in Dublin, seen one drunken person, either male or female.

The following comparative return, however, will accurately show how much less spirits are drunk in Ireland than in Scotland, the morality of which country is proverbial.

	Population.	Gallons of Spirits.
Scotland, in the year 1850, -	2,870,784 -	consumed 6,935,008
Ireland, " " -	6,515,794 -	consumed 6,973,338

In the above the number of gallons of spirits charged with duty for home consumption is taken from the Parliamentary Returns of 1850 ; the population from the census of 1851.

Our game little pony now trotted us into a large expanse of stony country, partly cultivated, and in those places divided by loose stone walls into rather small fields, among which were several unroofed cabins. From thence we drove through a village, every habitation of which was unroofed, excepting one, out of which tottered an old woman, who had no doubt heard the approach of our wheels. "Harve pity on a poor widiwl!" she exclaimed, as we passed her. From the dead village we emerged into a large space of heather, bog, and water, at the end of which we came to a park limed wall, a mile long, and a fine, handsome house, the property of Mr. Browne, of Moongare. By the side of the road, in a scarlet petticoat, and with no covering on her head or feet, I observed a fine-looking woman breaking stones so intently that her loose black locks, at every blow she gave, kept dangling before her eyes as we passed.

A little further on we came not only to several cabins, but to a large farm-house and buildings, all unroofed ; indeed, in every direction, jagged, triangular gables, of various heights, denoted that the hand of the destroyer had been at work. On our right was a limed wall about a mile long, enclosing rich grass and lofty trees, belonging to Mr. Comyn, of Woodstock, (a Catholic.) We here met eight women carry-

ing heavy creels, each harnessed to her back by a rope of straw. After passing the park the country relapsed on our right into unroofed houses, surrounded by frail, low, stone walls; and on our left, by an expanse of snipe-ground—miserable crops of oats—desolation—cart-horses without blinkers—red petticoats—and pretty children. The tenants were apparently nearly all gone, and their lands (without metaphor) were mourning in weeds!

At two and a half miles from Galway we passed near a small village, called River-view, on the banks of Lake Corrib. On the left, in a beautiful park, lives Lady Ffrench; on the right, opposite to a Catholic chapel, is Bushy Park, the residence of Mr. Robert Martin.

At the head of Lake Corrib there appeared a large, milk-white building, of eighteen windows in front—a nunnery. Near it were three cabins.

The process of filling the nunneries that are growing up in Ireland is, I believe, very nearly as follows:—Young girls go first to nun-schools,—come home,—lose their appetites,—can't sleep,—grow pale,—get restless. The parents send for the doctor, and eventually for the priest, who advises the white veil, *merely* as an occupation, there being no necessity whatever to remain. The parents give the necessary bond, and the poor victims end by taking the *black* veil!

On reaching a slight eminence, a peep of the castle-towers and churches of Galway suddenly announced to me that I had at last nearly arrived at the end of a very rough journey.

The road, which now gradually descended, was still bounded by stone walls; and although I was about to enter an opulent town, of great commercial importance, both on my right and left I continued to be haunted by little, miserable fields, low, tottering walls, and here and there by unroofed cabins, which continued until I almost reached the suburbs.

But from such objects my attention was now attracted by a series of magnificent public buildings, and of large, irregular streets, swarming alive with a population apparently of all sorts, of all sizes, and of all colours: in short, of a mixture of wealth, intelligence, industry, and squalid rags, that it would be difficult to describe. Indeed, on the car suddenly stopping before the door of an excellent-looking hotel, when I descended to the pavement from its bench I was so giddy and dizzy that I felt I could not describe my *own* feelings, much less the busy objects that were thronging around me. "Thank Heaven!" I said to myself as my car drove slowly away, "I have now done with jolting slowly through this world sideways!" An old woman stood between me and the door of my caravansera. As the readiest way to drive her out of my way, I gave her the few halfpence remaining in my bag, for which she bellowed blessings after me as loudly as if I had at that instant robbed her of every thing she had ever possessed.

FIFTH DAY.

The seaport town of Galway, the capital of the West, and in point of population the sixth town in Ireland, from its peculiar position has always been a point of great commercial importance. Its bay, one of the finest in the world, is a magnificent funnel, intended by Nature for the reception of vessels from all quarters of the globe. By means of two short canals, already described, an inland water communication of great extent and value is on the point of being effected. Lastly, by the Midland and Great Western Railway, which as nearly as possible bisects Ireland, Galway and Dublin are inseparably joined together by a line of communication, which, besides being the nearest and speediest, is the shortest

that could have been devised between the Irish Channel and the great Atlantic Ocean—Nature's thoroughfare between the United Kingdom and the two continents of America.

The connection which formerly existed between Galway and Spain is not only recorded in history, is not only to be traced in the architecture of Lynch's Castle, also in the wide entries, arched gateways, stone-mullioned windows, and outside stairs of several ancient mansions in the town, but the traveller, as he runs, can most legibly read it in the dark eyes, noble features, and high-bred demeanour, that in Galway in particular, and throughout Connemara in general, constantly remind him of the fact; indeed, I repeatedly met men and women whose countenances, to say nothing of their garb, would any where have induced me to address them in Spanish rather than in English.

The town is now a medley of streets and buildings of various dates, forming altogether a strange, incongruous, but very happy family of narrow, crooked alleys, broad thoroughfares, docks, churches, dispensaries, chapels, banks, jails, court-houses, nunneries, barracks, monasteries, storehouses, breweries, a union workhouse, distilleries, flour-mills, docks, bridges, a magnificent railway hotel just constructed, several ancient houses just falling, a number of hovels of the most wretched appearance, evidently destined to be replaced very shortly by mansions of wealth and luxury. There are several streets composed almost entirely of immense warehouses, from four to six stories high, each with a small pent-house-covered crane affixed to its upper stratum. These vast receptacles are now nearly all empty; and, on inquiring the reason, I was briefly informed that Galway, which used to import and bond corn in great quantities, now exports it.

Queen's College, just completed on the outside of the town, is one of the chastest and handsomest public edifices I have

ever seen. It is a pity, however, that the lowness of its position prevents it from contributing as much as it ought to the general beauty of the town. In its vicinity is a large poor-house, built eight years ago; and about 100 yards from it, on an elevated plot composed of emerald-green turf and beds of beautiful flowers, stands a school-house, resembling very much a modern villa; and yet, in their immediate neighbourhood, are to be seen unroofed huts, miserable cabins, a confusion of tottering, crooked stone walls surrounding small enclosures, many of which are so full of rocks that they really resemble a rising crop of young tombstones, several, like children's second teeth, coming out all crooked.

As I was strolling through the suburbs, I came to a potato market, in which I found, squatted on the ground, a number of women, four or five of whom were suckling ravenous infants. Of the potatoes, which in heaps were before them, it was sad to observe many diseased, some quite rotten. The clothes of buyers, as well as sellers, were also, generally speaking, in the very last stage of consumption. The arms of the jacket of one old man beside me, had each been replaced with a portion of a coarse gray worsted stocking, in holes; and his corduroy breeches, which had no buttons at the knees, had been mended with pieces of cloth of various hues. Several of the women's red petticoats had likewise been patched with old flannel and rags of so many colours, that the garment resembled altogether a printed map of modern Europe, the scarlet bit being, of course, the papal dominions. In a mantilla of old blanket, fantastically shrouded over her head, so as to show nothing of an aged face but an Arab nose, a pair of piercing eyes, and a very small portion of sallow complexion, there sat at my feet a regular Spanish beggar. Before me two fine little bare-footed boys, of about five years old, stood for some minutes whapping each other

on the head ; at last one tried to pull the hair of t'other one, but, as his mother had happened to cut it almost to the quick, the little urchin could grasp nothing, until he bethought himself of catching hold of the yellow side-locks of his comrade, which in dead silence he steadily pulled with all his force. "And that's the way," said I to myself, "that the Protestants of Ireland are said to deal with their Catholic brethren !" In the middle of this group stood erect a stout man, in official charge of an iron triangle, from the apex of which hung scales for weighing potatoes, diseases and all. As I was looking at him, a pretty, half-naked child of about two years old tottled up, and in high glee whipped my leg with a stick. "Och ! ye blackguard," exclaimed an old woman sitting behind me on the ground with her legs sticking out, showing me, when I turned round, ten up-pointed toes and a pair of soles as hard as hide. In all directions was to be heard a deal of very rough female cackling, and occasionally laughter, but no quarrelling. In the midst of the whole stood here and there, with drooping head and motionless thin tail, a donkey, patiently bearing a pannier laden with turf, secured by straw ropes.

After proceeding some way, I was gradually assailed by a very strong smell, and summoning my eyes to the elucidation of this discovery of my nose, I perceived hanging, on some rails before me, a quantity of salted conger-eels, split open ; in short, I found myself in a fish-market, with mackerel, "hake," and other beings fresh from the vasty deep, of such guttural names, that, although they were over and over again pronounced to me, I felt the alphabet had not consonants enough to repeat them. A gentleman, who happened to stand near me, pointing to a basket of young herrings about the size of sprats, observed to me, "It's a great shame they should be allowed to take them so young." I replied, "Why, there must be plenty of all ages in the sea !" "And sure,"

exclaimed an old fish-woman at our side, "the sea is richer than the land!"

For a few moments I stood gazing at a roofless and almost floorless building, of Spanish architecture, on the curiously worked front of which was inscribed, in old style,

Martini Brown,

1627.

A woman passing at the moment gratuitously informed me it was the oldest house in the town.

As I was crossing the great esplanade in front of Kilroy's hotel, I suddenly heard the din of martial music, and soon saw approaching me, preceded by a crowd of ragged, bare-footed boys, a regiment of soldiers, whose fine scarlet clothes and white crossed belts formed a striking contrast with the dingy, crooked, narrow street from which they had emerged.

After admiring for some time the dock, which appears to be most admirably constructed, I observed close to it, quite apart from the town of Galway, a little city of cabins, entirely inhabited by fishermen and their families. It is called "The Claddagh;" and as I had heard much of their strange habits, prejudices, superstitions, and of their being governed almost exclusively by their own laws, with considerable curiosity I slowly dived into it. I must own, however, I was woefully disappointed; for, although it certainly was strange to wander by oneself through winding, narrow streets of huts, containing a population of nearly 1300 people, yet with this eccentricity there was mixed up so much filth and misery, that the amalgam altogether was any thing but attractive.

As might naturally be expected, the first thing I ran against in the city of The Claddagh was a tall, dirty, old woman, with a long fish dangling, as if it had grown there, from her right hand.

On each side of every street the doors of the cabins were wide open. On entering one of them I found, kneeling on the ground in the middle of her chamber, an old woman, with one tooth, preparing, in a wooden bowl, for two little pigs, a quantity of potato-parings, which they were eyeing and she chopping very attentively. Around her were walking, and now and then interjectionally hopping, three hens. "After the disorder," said the aged creature to me, pointing with her bony, dry chin to her two pigs, "they're very sick!"

In another cabin I found four women rapidly making nets, and a very old man, in rags, slowly combing his hair.

After passing through several streets of cabins, in which I usually saw, mixed up in different proportions, half-naked children, pigs, fowls, women, and nets, I heard an astonishing cackling of female voices, and on arriving at the hovel from which it proceeded I was suddenly surrounded by ten or a dozen women, of various ages, who—*nem. con.*—appointed me high-judge and arbitrator in a dispute of apparently extraordinary importance. As, however, they all addressed me at once, in a confusion of tongues that must very closely have resembled that of Babel, I am unable to impart to the reader, simply because I don't know, what in the whole world it was all about. The only person in the group that said nothing was a poor woman, of about thirty, who, with eyes streaming with tears as she looked at me, and with a countenance of excruciating grief, was bitterly crying. "Her husbind has been just drowned!" observed to me one old wife. "That 'oman," exclaimed to me a stout girl, down whose flushed and violently-heated cheeks tears appeared to be almost hissing as one after another they rapidly fell on the ground—"that 'oman, yere Arn'r," said she, pointing to a female on her right, "horped I might be a cripple!"

"Oh, never mind," said I to her in a soothing tone; but

as I only made her cry more violently, and as her sobs seemed about equally to excite the voices of plaintiffs as well as of defendants, I gave up the cause in despair; and accordingly, turning on my heels, and deferring judgment, I left the court, and in doing so nearly ran against a boy carrying a basket on a naked arm; his right leg was barely covered with blue rags, his left leg with brown cloth; and through both, as also through his jacket, sundry pieces of white skin were peeping at me.

As I wandered I hardly knew where, I entered a tarred-roofed cabin, in which I found hanging round a fire a quantity of drenched blue sailors' clothes, in rags; from the black rafters drooped, in form of a cone, a net which a sturdy woman was mending. While talking to her I heard something breathing apoplectically hard, and looking towards the sound I saw, on a little patch of straw, two very fat piebald pigs; close to them was a heap of muscle-shells, and a smoked wicker cradle containing a sleeping infant begrimed with dirt.

In the pea-green book, to which I have so often had occasion to refer, the English tourist is informed that the people of "The Claddagh will marry with no one but themselves." "I should like to know who'd marry *them*!" said I to myself, rather petulantly—principally because at the moment of the intemperate expression I felt something or another crawling on and occasionally biting my legs. In short, of all the dirty places in this world I have ever had occasion to visit, The Claddagh is the worst.

"They really," I said to myself, improperly irritated by the tingling in my legs, "should be swept off the surface of the globe, and the easiest and least painful mode of putting them to death," I added, as with my umbrella I slightly scratched my left ankle, "would be suddenly to wash them,

which, like oil on a wasp, or a drop of prussic acid on the tongue of a dog, would inevitably in an instant render them inanimate."

On extricating myself from this extraordinary congregation I observed close on the adjoining dock, whose admirable construction had already attracted my attention, a fine hewn-stone building, three stories high, surmounted by a large statue or figure of a fisherman with his hat on, leaning with his left hand on an anchor, and holding in his right hand a flag-staff.

"He'd a fine green flag in thart hand," said to me with evident pride an old fisherman who had attentively been remarking what I was looking at, "the day the Lord Liftinunt was here!"

The building in question, on which was inscribed in large letters, "CLADDAGH NATIONAL PISCATORY SCHOOL, AN. MDCCCXLVI.," at a cost of 1200*l.*, had been constructed for the children, male and female, of the fishermen of the Claddagh, on a site where a few years ago salmon could be caught.

On entering it I found, bare-footed, but with clean faces and in decent attire, about 130 children in narrow rooms, in which the girls were instructed to sew, spin, read and write; and the boys, in addition, to make nets, &c. On the walls were several pictures, the most striking of which was a very large fish; there were also maps, the model of a ship, &c. The improvement in their appearance was certainly very striking. A very respectable-looking priest, who was in attendance, earnestly solicited me to write my opinion of the school in a book which he presented to me for that purpose; as, however, my object in my little tour in Ireland was to listen to opinions rather than impart them, as courteously as I could, I declined.

Moored to the wharf was a little, black steamer with a

small raised buff deck immediately abaft the black funnel, which was in midship.

On its stern was the word "O'CONNELL." At its prow, with wings extended, was a very large, white, fat bird, with a pouting breast and hooked bill.

"Is that an *eagle*?" said I dubiously to a small group of the Claddagh fishermen, who, in blue jackets and weather-worn trowsers, were standing indolently beside it.

"I don't know," replied one. "Yere Arn'r can judge better than we can!" "Ut's *like* an eagle!" said another. "I think ut's a doove!" said a third, "or a goole!"

"Where does this little steamer go to?" I inquired.

"She's been doing nothing, divil a hap'orth, for months. Last wake she took the Lord Liftinunt and his lady up thro' the locks. They stood thegither alone on that deck. The ady-cumps were arl in front. Ivery soule cheered um. 'Twas a fine sight, yere Arn'r! Ut was, indade!"

From the dock I went to the constabulary barracks, the force of which in Galway consists of one sub-inspector, one head-constable, five constables, two acting ditto, thirty-eight sub-ditto.

The sub-inspector was on duty at the Court-house, but from the head-constable I learned that the particular duties of the force consisted "in protecting property, the docks, and the quays, on which arrive a quantity of sea-weed and goods from the country; in attending to emigrant vessels, in keeping returns of emigration, &c."

During my tour, wherever I went, I had observed that Irish dogs are infected with a wooden log tied round their necks, and which bruises their knees if they attempt to go faster than a trot. "It's inflicted on um by the aristocracy of England!" said a man of whom I had modestly inquired on the subject. I certainly inwardly laughed at the idea, but on

asking the constable why the dogs of Galway were all tackled in this extraordinary way, he produced to me, to my astonishment, an Act of Parliament, authorizing "all dogs within fifty yards of any public road to be logged;" and, moreover, under a warrant from the Justice of the Petty Sessions district, any sub-inspector, head, or other constable to "seize or kill any such dog." It must, however, be recollected that this log is no doubt wisely intended by Parliament to balance the infliction upon English dogs of the income-tax; and as an English dog runs about unfettered, but *taxed*, and an Irish dog lives untaxed, but *logged*, it would admit of argument, if "the two dogs" were to meet, which was the freest animal of the two.

I had now a few questions to put to the constable on a subject of very great importance, on which I was particularly desirous to obtain accurate official information.

From the morning on which I had visited the great model National School in Marlborough street, Dublin, to the hour of my arrival at Galway, I had remarked in the Irish female countenance an innate or native modesty more clearly legible than it has ever been my fortune to read in journeying through any other country on the globe.

Of the pure and estimable character of Englishwomen, I believe no one is a more enthusiastic admirer than myself; nevertheless I must adhere to the truth of what I have above stated, and I do so without apology, because I am convinced that no man of ordinary observation can have travelled, or can now travel, through Ireland, without corroborating the fact.

But I have lived long enough to know that outward appearance cannot always be trusted, and, accordingly, wherever I went, I made inquiries, the result of which was not only to confirm, but to over-confirm, my own observation; indeed, from the Resident Commissioner of the Board of National

Education in the metropolis, down to the governors of jails and masters of the remotest workhouses, I received statements of the chastity of the Irishwomen so extraordinary, that I must confess I could not believe them; in truth I was infinitely more puzzled by what I heard than by the simple evidence of my own eyes.

I resolved, therefore, that before I concluded my trifling tour, the sole object of which had been to inform myself as correctly as possible of the real character of the Irish people, I would, instead of generalities, come to particulars on the subject in question, and I accordingly put to the constable the following questions, the answers to which I wrote as he pronounced them :—

Q. "How long have you been on duty in Galway?"

A. "Above nine years."

Q. "Have you much crime here?"

A. "Very little; it principally consists of petty larcenies."

Q. "Have there been here many illegitimate children?"

A. "Scarcely any. During the whole of the eight years I have been on duty here I have not known of an illegitimate child being reared up in any family in the town."

Q. "What do you mean by being reared up?"

A. "I mean, that, being acquainted with every family in Galway, I have never known of a child of that description being born."

Q. "Does that fact apply to the fishing village of 'The Claddagh'?"

A. "Particularly so."

Q. "Do you mean to say that, to your knowledge, there has never been an illegitimate child in the town of Galway?"

A. "I have heard that a servant-girl has had one, but at the present moment there is no such case in my mind. In the village of 'Claddagh' they get their children married very young."

The above statements appeared to me so extraordinary, that I begged the constable to be so good as to conduct me to his commanding officer, (sub-inspector,) a well-educated and

highly intelligent gentleman, whom we found at the Court-house, seated on the bench with the magistrates. As soon as the business was over I went with him to his lodgings, and, after some conversation on the subject, I asked him the following questions :—

Q. "How long have you been on duty here?"

A. "Only six months."

Q. "During that time have you known of any instance of an illegitimate child being born in the village of the Claddagh?"

A. "Not only have I never known of such a case, but I have never heard any person attribute such a case to the fisherwomen of Claddagh. I was on duty in the three islands of Arran, inhabited almost exclusively by fishermen, who also farm potatoes, and I never heard of one of their women—who are remarkable for their beauty—having had an illegitimate child, nor did I ever hear it attributed to them; indeed, I have been informed by Mr. —, a magistrate who has lived in Galway for eight years, and has been on temporary duty in the island of Arran, that he also had never heard there of a case of that nature. These people, however, when required to pay poor-rates, having no native poor of their own in the workhouse, resisted the payment of what they considered a very unjust tax—in fact, they closed their doors, and the rate was only partially collected."

The officer, seeing that I took great interest in the subject on which I had been conversing with him, sent for some subordinates, who, he observed, had been longer in Galway than himself.

They arrived separately, and the information of the head-constable, (sergeant,) in reply to the same questions I had put to the constable, were as follows :—

A. "I have been here better than two years, and during that time I have never known of any woman of Claddagh having had an illegitimate child—indeed, I have never even heard of it."

Q. "Have you ever known of any such case in Galway?"

A. "Oh, I think there have been some cases in town. Of my own knowledge I cannot say so, but I have heard of it."

The sergeant in charge of the Claddagh station now arrived, and gave his opinion as follows :—

Q. "How long have you been in charge of the Claddagh village?"

A. "I have been nine years here, for five years of which last March I have been in charge of Claddagh."

Q. "During that time has there been an illegitimate child born there?"

A. "No, I have never heard of it, and if it had happened I should have been sure to have heard of it, as they wouldn't have allowed her to stop in the village."

Q. "Have you ever heard of any that occurred *before* your arrival?"

A. "No, sir."

Q. "During the nine years you have been in Galway, have you known of any cases that have occurred *there*?"

A. "Well, there were very few: only one that I know of my own knowledge."

Q. "Are the Claddagh people always as slovenly in their persons as I have seen them to-day?"

A. "Oh, no! on Sundays the fishermen turn out clean and neat, in blue jackets and trousers, and shoes. The women turn out with scarlet cloaks and white caps; the young women with their hair trimmed and bound up very tastily."

"And yet," said I to myself, "what ornament can these poor young people put on equal to that virtuous character which they wear wherever they go, and which, in spite of their poverty, it appears no human power can deprive them of!"

He added, "But they are very improvident; they make much money in summer. I have known them catch 260 pair of soles in one haul."

The officer here stated, and the last witness (the sergeant) who had been in charge of Claddagh for the last five years, subsequently of his own accord repeated the assertion, that until lately "the crime of theft had been utterly unknown among the fishermen, and was almost so now; in fact," added

the sergeant, "no theft has occurred in Claddagh during my time."

From the officers' quarters I hastened to The Claddagh, and, hiring a boat, I desired a couple of boys, who evidently looked upon me as the best fish they had caught for some time, to take me aboard an emigrant ship heavily laden with passengers, (they had only yesterday taken leave of their friends,) and lying in the bay, about a mile and a half off.

There was a nice fresh side breeze, and after rolling about for a few minutes, while the youngsters were hauling up the sail, the 15-year-old pilot took the helm, and I and his comrade, aged 17, sat down close by him to windward.

Of course it was the interest and object of these lads to make the most of the haul they had got, and accordingly, said the youngest,

"The *lighthouse* is a very nice place. Would your Arn'r like to see ut?"

"*Art-fry*, there," said the other, pointing to a desolate-looking spot, more than 12 miles by road from Galway, "is the nicest place in a' the town. Will your Arn'r go to ut?"

"No, I thank you!" I replied, "I want only to go to that ship; do you know what sort of emigrants are on board of it?"

"They're all from this neighbourhood," he replied. After pausing for a few seconds, he added, "They're distroyed out of this land, and must go to Ameriky!"

"How long have you been a fisherman?" said I to the eldest of my crew.

"We're been to *say*," ejaculated the youngest, "yere Arn'r, since we were four years awake!" Pointing to the stone ballast in the centre and at the bottom of the boat, he added, "That's our bed; we're aften out a week wet through in these little boats; for winter we have big boats, of from twelve to fifteen tons; this little one is but four."

"What do you subsist on while you are out?" I inquired.

"We ate bread, and cook mackerel with turf, and we arlways carry two kegs of warter with us."

"But," said I, "will the fish you catch for sale *keep* for five days?"

"Oh, yes, yere Arn'r," he replied; "we take the goots and liver out o' um, and then they'll keep a week."

But by this time we had got close to the black vessel, a "bark," over whose stern I observed hanging by the heels, and gently vibrating, twenty-five flaccid-looking cabbages, among which there appeared, written in large white letters,

THE ALBION OF ARBROATH.

Over the gunwale were ranged a line of rustic faces, male and female, all quietly looking at us. In a few seconds, however, we were alongside, and I had scarcely stepped among the crowd, when the interest of my arrival having completely ceased, no one took the slightest notice of me; however, on one of the crew passing me, I begged he would tell the captain I would be glad to see him. In about five minutes he came up from below, told me he was very busy serving out provisions, but that I was quite welcome to go over the vessel, and he desired a sailor-boy to accompany me.

On the deck, besides a number of steerage passengers, were three or four women of superior garb, sitting rather indolently, reading. The boy told me the bark was registered at 302 tons; and he then led me down below between decks, which, as soon as I could see—for at first I fancied I was in almost utter darkness—appeared completely thronged with country people, very poorly, but clean and decently dressed; in fact, it was evident they were all in their best clothes.

On each side, throughout the whole length of the vessel, without any curtains or compartments to separate them, were,

one above the other, two tiers of berths, each 4 feet 8 inches broad by 5 feet 10 inches in length. Each of these beds were nominally for two people.

"What do they pay for them?" I asked the boy.

"Those of full age pay 3*l.* 10*s.*, under age 3*l.*," he replied.

"Whart *I* pay," exclaimed a female voice from a berth on my right, "for myself and two chilthren, one three and the other five, is 8*l.* 5*s.* I have here, myself, my two chilthren, and another woman!"

Although I was thus loudly addressed, no one noticed me; in fact, they had not room to do so. In several of the berths I saw powerful-looking men lying indolently; the distance from their faces to the deck above them was 2 feet 7 inches.

After worming my way through a number of women, some of whom were erectly arranging their berths, others stooping to ferret into trunks, and others sitting placidly mending extremely old clothes, I came to the hold, down which a small gleam of sunshine from above was illuminating the red moist face of the captain, who, in a blue superfine jacket, blue foraging cap, and in a clean shirt, but without his stock, was very busily occupied in weighing out, and noting down in a book he held in his hand, meal for his passengers.

After saying but a few words—for I did not like to interrupt him—I proceeded onwards with the boy, who told me that in the several adjoining berths "cousins, friends, and families go together," until I came to a crowd, which for a few seconds obstructed me. "Come along out o' thart and let hum pass!" exclaimed the fine, manly voice of an emigrant who had observed my predicament. Very shortly another poor fellow, fancying I belonged to the ship, came up to me and asked me something about meal. "This man," re-

plied the sailor-boy, "has nothing to do with you!" and my friend accordingly turned aside.

Affixed to one of the berths I observed a placard of printed regulations, which I own appeared to me to have been concocted by some one not very conversant with the various indescribable *désagréments* of a gale of wind; for instance it ordained—

"That all the passengers must be out of bed by seven o'clock, A.M.; the children to be then washed and dressed: all to be in bed by ten, P.M.

"That, when the emigrants victual and cook for themselves, the overseer will see that each family has its regular hour at the cooking-place.

"That there be issued to each passenger three quarts of water, not less often than twice a week. Bread, biscuit, flour, oatmeal, and rice—in all, seven pounds per week. One-half of the supply to consist of bread or biscuit; and if potatoes be used, five pounds to be reckoned equal to one pound of breadstuff.

"That the washing days be on Monday and Friday.

"No smoking, gambling, swearing, or improper language, to be allowed.

"No sailor to be allowed between decks, except on duty," &c., &c.

After reading these regulations, and gazing on both sides, and as far as between decks my eyes could reach, at the men, women, and children, who in numerous groups, active, passive, and neuter, were apparently blocking up the thoroughfare, I could not help feeling very keenly how little they were aware of the discomforts of being jumbled together during a sea voyage, and, above all, of the tragic catastrophes that have so often in one relentless gulf buried the cares, sorrows, hopes, and lives, of shipload after shipload of poor Irish emigrants—such as were now around me and before me, nursing infants, unpacking and repacking boxes, making beds, and engaged in numberless other little domestic arrangements. On a curtainless berth beside me, in extreme lassitude, sat a slight, elegant-looking girl, of about seventeen, very poorly

dressed ; her elbows nearly touched each other—the backs of her hands rested on her lap, on which her eyes also listlessly reposed—her whole attitude appeared collapsed and unstrung. In fact, she was the personification of the word “EVICTION !”

“ Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far-distant land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

“ Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood !
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall !
Where is the mother that smiled on my childhood !
And where is *the bosom friend*, *DEARER THAN ALL* !”

The picture before me was, on the whole, so distressing that I was glad to find myself again in my boat ; and as the distance between it and the emigrant bark gradually increased, my mind became engrossed with one simple, single, and natural subject of inquiry—namely, WHY ARE THESE GOOD PEOPLE LEAVING THEIR NATIVE HOMES ? “ Why,” said I to myself, as I finally closed the note-book of my little tour—“ why, for so long a period, have the inhabitants of Ireland been centrifugally ejected from their country, as if its lovely, verdant surface were a land blasted by pestilence, or as if its virtuous and intelligent peasantry were malefactors who had been sentenced to transportation ?”

From the year 1620, when the pilgrim fathers went out, up to the present time, not less than $9\frac{1}{2}$ millions of Irish have emigrated from England, Ireland, and the Canadas, to the United States of America.

From 1806 to 1851, not less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of the Irish people have emigrated from their country.

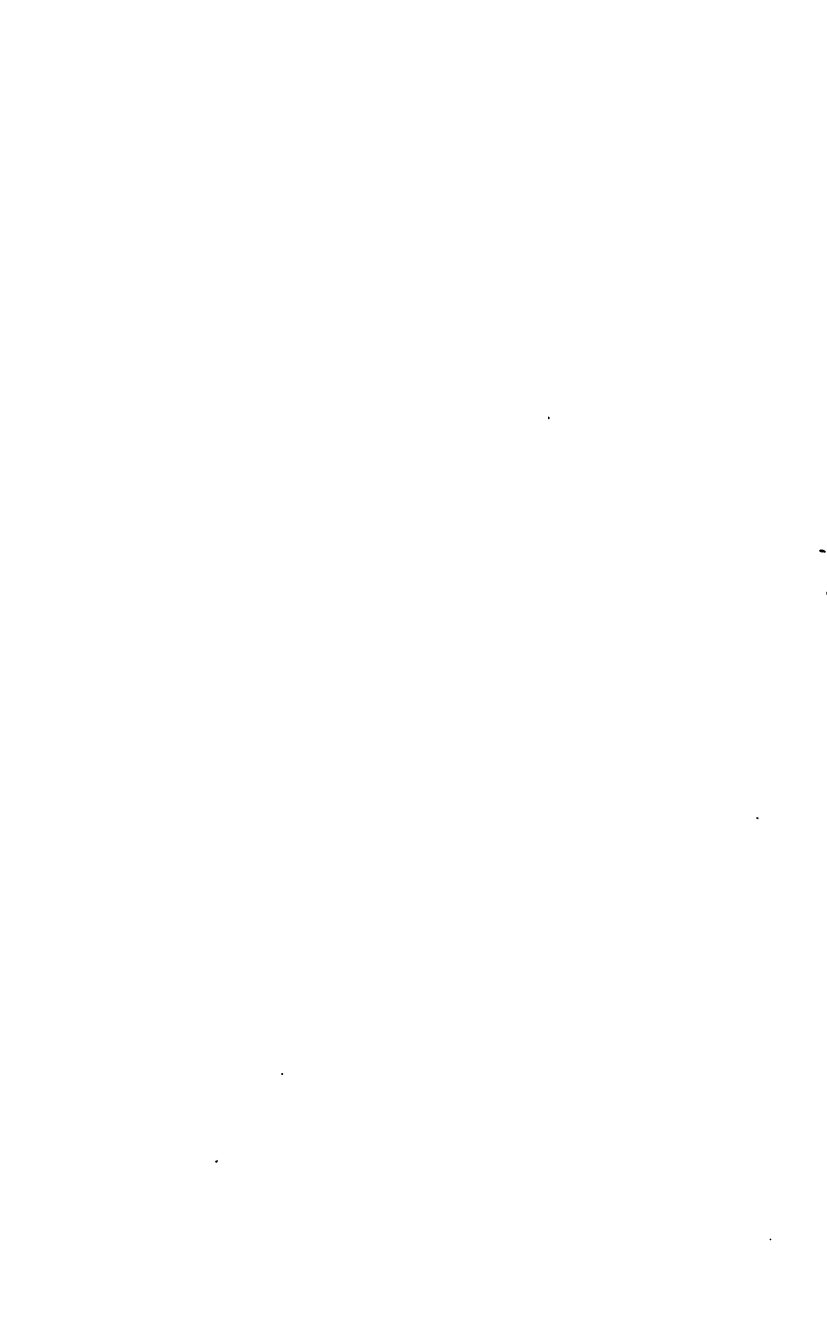
From 1841 to 1851 upwards of $1\frac{1}{2}$ million have left Ireland.

In the single year 1851 Irish emigration amounted to no less than 257,372; and even from the Clyde, of 14,435 emigrants who in 1851 sailed to America, above one-third were Irish!

In London there are more Irish than in Dublin. In Manchester and Salford more Irish than in Cork. In Glasgow as many Irish and descendants of Irish as in Belfast. There are more Irish (born in Ireland) now living in Glasgow than there are living at Belfast Irish who have been born *there*. Of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races abroad, nearly one-half of the whole are Irish.

THE END.

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